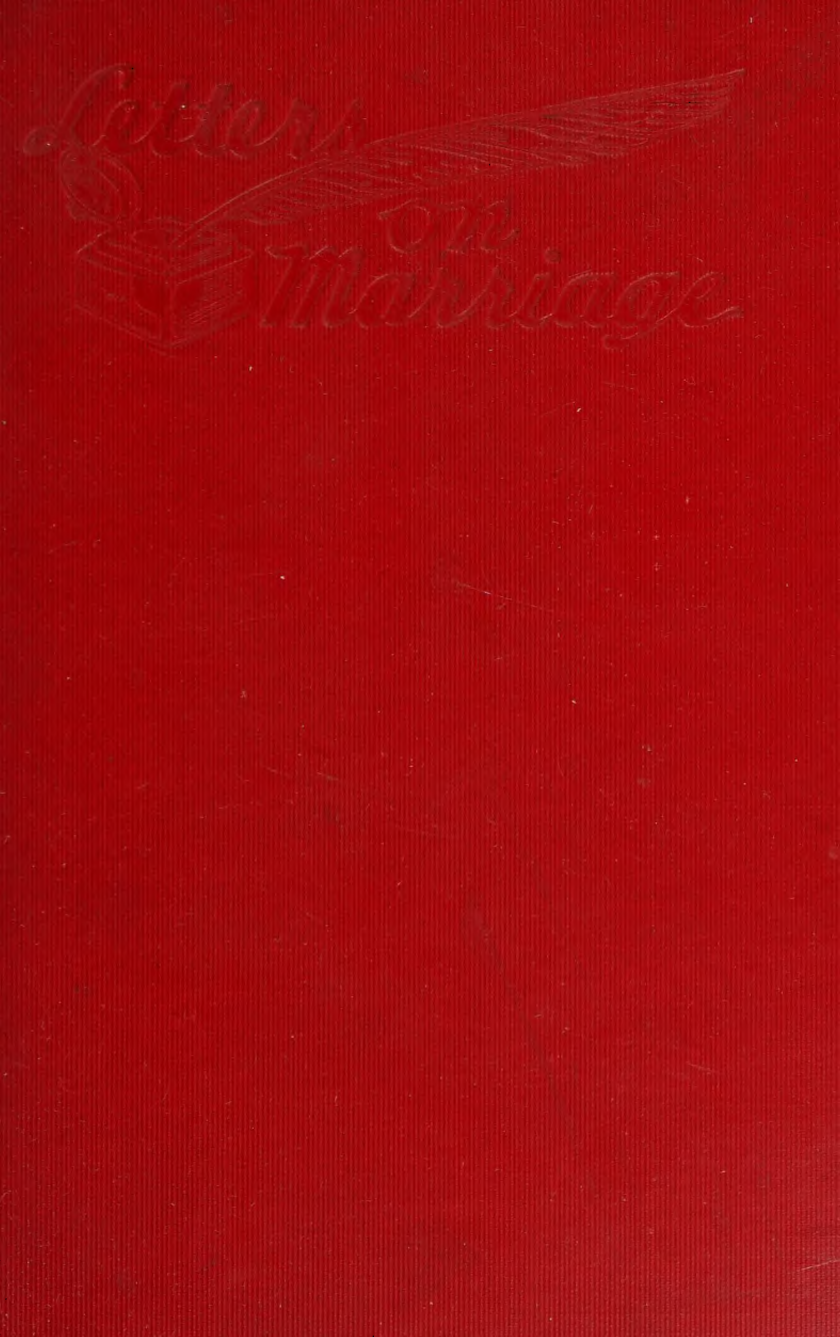
Letters
On
Marriage

Letters on Marriage

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Letters on Marriage

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO

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INTRODUCTION

OUR Catholic people approach the question of marriage with reverence, for they understand that Christ has sanctified the marriage state by raising it to the dignity of a sacrament. Catholic literature abounds in treatises bearing upon the subject, with wholesome advice in regard to love, to courtship, to the matrimonial ceremony, and to the duties of parents and children. Most of these books have come from directors of souls. We have heard little from those who are to face the problems of marriage, on which their earthly happiness and eternal salvation so much depends.

In March, 1920, *The Queen's Work* opened a department of "Letters on Marriage," which became at once one of the most interesting sections of the magazine. The editors, in announcing the matter, did not regard the subject as one merely of interest, much less of amusement. But they believed that our Catholic young people were facing problems altogether peculiar to our times; that they had experiences which would be helpful to others; that they were seeking for a medium wherein to express their opinions; and that they would profit by an exchange of views in regard to matrimony. It was to offer a medium for such expression that the department of "Letters on Marriage" was begun in *The Queen's Work.*

One has only to read the communications covering a period of three years to see that the contributors took the matter seriously. If at times there was a little bantering between the opposing parties, it only

proved that the writers were pleading for their own explanation of difficulties which are at times quite complex. No one can read these letters without being convinced that the contributors were in earnest, and that some peculiar difficulty or experience had given them a message which would be of value to others. The readers will notice in these letters the constantly recurring theme of lack of association between Catholic young men and women owing to the want of opportunity for meeting. This is a most fruitful cause of mixed marriages and raises a problem that should engage the serious attention of our Catholic people and particularly of the pastors of souls.

Frequent requests for information have come to the office of *The Queen's Work* in regard to these "Letters on Marriage"; and the editors in reprinting the series in book form are but responding to such inquiries. While the editors do not assume responsibility for statements in the series, they believe that the letters adhere closely to Catholic ideals, and that a host of friends will welcome them in permanent form.

HENRY S. SPALDING, S.J.
Editor of "The Queen's Work."

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Letters on Marriage

CHAPTER I

PLAIN MARY AND HER FRIENDS WRITE INTRODUCTORY LETTERS

To the Editor:

I AM a stenographer in a big office building and know quite a few other girls in the same building, and sometimes we talk things over together about the right kind of Catholic young man. So I thought I would get some of them to say what they think; and I will say what I think, and perhaps we may start an interesting discussion. I told them to keep their letters down to about a hundred and fifty words, but some of them haven't succeeded. Publish our letters or not, just as you think best; but please don't publish our names.

I am going to state the problem briefly as it appears to me. I know about twenty girls in this building. Twelve of them come from smaller towns. Of these about ten happen to be Catholics. None of us ever knew each other before we picked up acquaintance here. I should think most of the girls board out with people who don't know or care whether they are Catholics or not, and they don't know whether their

fellow boarders are Catholics in most cases. They are good, honest girls, and some of them are helping to keep a brother in school or to support their old parents. One of them is helping to send her brother to college, and he is going to be a priest.

Some of these girls never have thought about marrying, and others have positively made up their minds to what is called single blessedness in the world. But I should think about half of them consider that their final vocation will be to marry and to make a home, and regard this working as merely temporary. In fact, one of them told me that she had left the country district where she was born, for this reason among others, that she didn't think that there was the slightest chance of her meeting there the sort of Catholic man she thought she would like to marry; and so she came to the city, where she thought it would be easy. She was badly mistaken, as she found out. She has lived here over a year, and has met only three young men whom she knows to be Catholic—whether good, bad, or indifferent, she can't tell.

All the other Catholic girls who have come here from other places say pretty much the same thing. There is not any provision whatever made for introducing our Catholic young people to one another. A Catholic girl who has been well brought up prefers to go with Catholics and would like to meet them; but though I have heard very good sermons on the evils of mixed marriages and on the great advisability of all our good Catholic young people associating together, I have yet to hear of any positive effort being made around here to help them carry out this good advice. I wish, when they tell us to marry a good Catholic young man, they would also inform us how to find one.

Does that sound frivolous? It isn't meant to. It seems to me simply common sense. The average

Catholic working girl is simply helpless when given such advice. Of course, she wants to marry a good Catholic if she can. But first someone has to fall in love with her and ask her, and for that they have to meet. And for that someone has usually to introduce them. Surely no one would advise girls like us to pick up acquaintances so as to ask them whether they are good Catholic young men and eligible! And who is to introduce us if not the Catholics who live here? I think sermons ought to be preached to them now and then on their responsibility for the mixed marriages of girls that they should have introduced to nice Catholic young men in time, and vice versa!

But I have more letters I want you to publish. I'm putting them in this same envelope. So, though I have oodles more to say on the same subject, and may say it (Ought to be "it" or "them"?) later if you will let me, I will make way for the others, signing myself, with great respect, what the girls call me.

Yours sincerely,
PLAIN MARY.

To the Editor:

I hope to goodness that nobody I know will ever find out that I wrote this letter, because I intend to be frank. And as I am mad (not insane, please, but angry) on this subject, I am liable to say things that will sound funny in print. But Mary has been bothering me for exactly six weeks, reminding me every time I couldn't dodge her at noon (and she is in the next office to mine and gets out a few minutes earlier and waits) to write what I really think about promoting sociability among Catholic young people. So, being driven to desperation, I will.

Well, to begin with, it seems so hard for some people to understand the troubles and difficulties of other people. They give you such excellent advice that is

so useless, because you knew it all along and wanted to do it. What you didn't know, and what they always forget to tell you, is *how*. Now let me tell my experiences. Goodness! I would never dare to do it if I weren't going to be just some letters on a page to those who will read this. But it may console some others who are in the same fix as myself, and it may trouble some of those comfortable people who *could* help but do only advise. So this is what happened to me:

I was born in a little mining town in Illinois. There are such loads of little mining towns out there that you may safely (from my standpoint) amuse yourself guessing which. My father wasn't poor, but not rich either; and I got to go to a boarding school for six years. Then I came home, and I tell you I was dissatisfied there. I had seriously considered whether I had a vocation to be a Sister, and decided I hadn't. But home, as I found it, was an awful trial for me. Not the home itself, I mean, but the town. It wasn't that it was dull; I could stand that, and I was fond of reading and liked to help about the work of the house. But I was really anxious to do something worth while in the world, and had decided that I could best serve God by being a helpmate to some good Catholic man, making him a holy home, and inspiring and helping him on to do his full best for God and his country, whatever his calling might be. That's an awfully bald, unsatisfactory way of putting it, I know; but if you know what I mean it's all right, and if you don't it's no use anyway; so I suppose I had better just go on. Well, so the trouble was this—the young man wasn't in sight!

It is an honest fact. I knew every Catholic young man in that town except the impossible foreigners who worked in the mines, and there wasn't one that

I could possibly love enough to marry. I knew it very soon after I came home. Don't the people who rightly advise us Catholic girls against mixed marriages sometimes overlook some of the practical points, such as this? From the girl's standpoint, you see, marrying isn't quite so simple as it sounds. There are preliminaries, such as meeting just the right young man. You have to like him very much, and he has to like you very much, apart from the fact that you both have to be Catholics. Then you have to have opportunities for meeting and learning to really know and love each other. And finally (for the girl this is quite a serious consideration) he has to ask you! Isn't that a little more complicated than the advisers sometimes realize? They mean well—excellently; but they do not grasp the situation exactly. It is so easy to say "Marry a good Catholic young man," and so unhelpful.

Well, anyway, the very first requisite was evidently lacking in our own town; and, besides, I didn't want to be a burden on father, who had a number of other kiddies younger than me to provide for, so I decided to go to the city and work. I needn't say what city—perhaps you can guess; but I went there and was soon working as stenographer in an office, and boarding in one of the largest boarding house districts in the world. It was just wonderful to me at first. It seemed a place of magic opportunity. So many people, and so many of them Catholics! I thought to myself that in a few weeks I would have just lots of Catholic friends, girls and boys, and what a different companionship I would have from the one I was used to in our home town. Wasn't I a silly? Countrified! that's no name for it! It wasn't very long before I found out that a person could be much lonelier in the middle of the city than on a farm. Those first few weeks I nearly died of loneliness.

I was used to knowing people that I could drop in on at almost any time and chat with, girls I had been brought up with, and people I had known all my life. But here in the city I didn't really know a single soul. Some of the girls I worked with were congenial and we would go to the movies or to lunch together, but when it came to really knowing them, going to their homes or staying over night and really visiting them, they never seemed to think of inviting me—the ones, I mean, that had homes and mothers and all the things I longed to see again, right there in the city. As to getting really to know any of the "nice Catholic young men" that they preach about, gracious! I don't even know if there *are* any such things here in this city? How can I? They don't wear a badge or a sign!

JUST ONE OF THE GIRLS.

To the Editor:

Our friend, Mary, will give me no rest until I write this letter.

An awfully funny thing happened to me not long ago, after I had been in the city some time and had really come to regard the problem of meeting the right Catholic young man as desperate. Then, one Sunday evening, I attended the exercises of a retreat for young women in one of the churches, and heard a sermon on—mixed marriages. It was fine! The Father who was preaching started out with the dignity of the sacrament of marriage, and what he said was really an expression of my own inmost aspirations. He spoke of the immense importance of choosing well one's partner in life, of the intimate companionship, the spiritual support and encouragement that married people should give one another. He said that all are not called nor fitted to be nuns or priests and that the Church depends for her very

existence and preservation on the founding of Catholic homes and the raising of Catholic families. Then he said how necessary it was that husband and wife should be of the same faith, for their own sake and the sake of the children. Oh, but he put it well! He got indignant when he spoke about so many good Catholic girls going and getting engaged to non-Catholics and then coming to the priest when it was too late to hope that they would change their minds and when the arrangements had been made and the engagement announced—and asking him to get them a dispensation.

I was just carried away. I made up my mind more than ever that here was my real place in the world. But suddenly, as I was listening to his appeal at the end, I remembered! What chance was there in the world, as I was going on then, of ever meeting the paragon that would satisfy all my requirements for a husband? Then a perfectly wild idea came into my head. Perfectly crazy! I sat up in the pew and gasped. But it didn't seem quite so absurd after two or three minutes, because he was speaking so beautifully and seemed so good and kind. Besides, I have always had a sort of adventurous streak in me and I never can tell when I'm going to be tempted to do something like this. So, by the time the sermon was over and Benediction finished and I was walking out of church, I had nerved myself to *do* it. I went around to the pastor's residence, rang the bell, and asked to see the missionary Father.

He came down, kind and pleasant, a little tired-looking after his exertions, and I didn't dare delay to get right to the point, because I was afraid to lose my nerve. So I said: "Father, I enjoyed your sermon immensely. It was just what I wanted to hear." My, he looked kind and pleased! But I didn't dare to let him get in a word. "Yes," said I, "I have

made up my mind to marry a good Catholic man. I think it is my vocation. I have the very best of dispositions, and your instructions have confirmed them."

He smiled, and was about to speak. But I didn't let him. Looking straight into his eyes—and I suppose it must have been an awfully earnest look, because by this time I was all worked up—I said, I actually did, "Father, I simply cannot find the right young man. Can you help me to find one?"

Well, you should have seen how he looked. The smile vanished from his face, and his lower jaw dropped down so that for a moment I thought he was going to faint. Then he got red as a beet.

"But—but," said he, "I am a perfect stranger here and I—nobody ever—I don't know——"

It was perfectly killing. I never saw such a funny sight in my life as his face. So in spite of all I could do to restrain myself I simply roared out laughing and rocked back and forth in the chair. And it was catching. He began to laugh, too, and I do believe it saved his life. I'll surely never do such a thing again as ask anyone such a thing all of a sudden.

But there it is. Do you get the point? The Father did, and admitted fully that my question, or rather request, was perfectly reasonable under the circumstances; though perhaps, as he said, it was not just fair to ask it of a perfect stranger. But the people in that parish—yes, and the priests—was it too much to ask of them? If they really consider the matter, and want Catholic marriages, who can bring them about? I am perfectly well disposed, they needn't bother for a moment about persuading me. And it's simply an open secret that there are hundreds and thousands of Catholic girls precisely in my situation. We are willing. But we are also *particular*. I mean in the right way. I owe it to my self-respect after tell-

ing so much about myself (but incognito, thank goodness!) to insert here the fact that I haven't lacked opportunities. When I recall the proposals I have had it takes the fingers of my two hands to check them off. And two of them were Catholic, too, but that was their only recommendation—and it seemed just about skin deep.

On the other hand, I am perfectly certain that there are lots of Catholic boys, as good and splendid as they can be, who are having the same difficulty about meeting the Catholic girl whom they just must meet before they can take the excellent advice about avoiding mixed marriages and making a good Catholic match. What are they going to do about it? It is true that it seems to me that the man in the case can do so much more than the girl in making the acquaintances. I was brought up, as all well-bred Catholic girls are, to be careful and reserved in making acquaintances. But boys are a little different, I suppose. And yet, come to think of it, I believe that about some things young men are more backward and bashful than people think. But let some Catholic young man take up that part of the question if he pleases. It isn't in my line.

Goodness gracious! I've just read this over and it's perfectly awful! But it's true. And it's a relief to have gotten it off my mind. So I'm going to give it to Mary just the way I wrote it, without changing a word. And if she gets into trouble sending it to be printed, it serves her right for bothering me for six weeks. And, oh, if it should be read by some of those people who are so rightly indignant about mixed marriages and who never do a blessed thing to encourage the right kind of matches, then I shall be satisfied. And if it does, I hope it will make them *awfully* uncomfortable.

ONE WHO IS WILLING.

To the Editor:

I am really glad that Mary had the nerve to say what so many of us have been thinking. It's about time that our side should get some kind of publicity.

I was brought up in a good Catholic home and taught how unhappy mixed marriages were, and made up my mind that, no matter what happened, it never would happen to me to make one. Not on any account whatever. I made that resolution as number ten, or eleven, I don't remember which, of the resolves I wrote out after one of our retreats at school. "Number eleven." I can see it yet, the way it looked on the nice white slip of paper where I wrote out my resolutions to put them under the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the chapel. "I also resolve that I will marry a nice, good Catholic young man. And on no consideration will I ever marry anyone not of our holy faith." Well, I've kept the second part of that resolution so far, though I don't know how long I can keep on keeping it. But the first part is a dead letter. I haven't got the nice, good, Catholic young man.

That's just the trouble, and that's just what keeps so many nice Catholic young girls who take very seriously all that the priests and sisters tell them, from marrying at all. They're told to no end, and rightly so I admit, how wrong it is to marry anyone *but* a nice, good, Catholic young man. But they're not helped, which would be much more to the point, to meet, much less to marry, that nice, good, pious sort of Catholic young man whom they would be only too willing to if they only could.

Some priests seem to think, from the way they give advice, that it's just the natural foolishness of some Catholic girls that makes them marry young men who are not nice, good Catholics. They go on the supposition, evidently, that every Catholic girl of

marriageable age is followed around by admiring crowds of nice, good Catholic young men, whose intentions, as the "personals" used to put it, are matrimony. And that when a Catholic girl goes and marries a man who is not such a nice, good Catholic, she shows a bad taste that is equal to her foolishness, by jilting all the nice, etc., young men who are proposing to her about once a week each, and choosing to go off with that perfect stranger.

Excuse me for writing like that, but I feel strongly, and when a person's feelings are strong they can be excused for being a little sarcastic, can't they? And here I am, seven years after I made that dandy little resolution number eleven, six years out of school, still looking around for somebody to introduce me to the nice, good Catholic young man that the good priest talked about during the retreat and that he gave me the idea would be waiting around somewhere in the neighborhood with a little flat all furnished and a rule of life composed for us to live together like two good little Catholics ought. I'm still waiting. Meanwhile about a dozen—I've lost count how many —who either weren't Catholics or weren't very nice and good, have been coming around with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, trying to make me think that they would be regular angels themselves if I would only give them a chance to try by marrying them.

Sometimes when one of them gets too entirely persistent and asks me more than once in the week, I read him that resolution number eleven. I don't let him see the paper, though, for fear that he might say that number eleven is the only one I am keeping. But a couple of them that I tried it on got sort of sarcastic themselves. "Where do they keep that kind of young man," one of them got off recently. "I been knocking about quite a bit and never seen one yet.

Maybe they don't travel in the towns I'm making. But I'd hate to see a nice girl like you wait so long for the just precise young man that she never would marry at all. That's all I'm sayin'." And he went off in an awful huff.

He's a traveling man and making two hundred a week and expenses, and he keeps talking about how he always did like the Catholic Church and nobody ever has showed him how to break in, and all that sort of talk. But really I do believe I could bring him around. Question: If you just can't discover the nice, good Catholic young man would it be all right to take one that wasn't and then see what you could do to make one? Or will someone tell me what else is the answer?

I guess I oughtn't to talk like that, but really that's the way I feel sometimes, and it's a serious proposition, as one of my young man friends says whenever he proposes. A person doesn't stay young for ever. There's such a thing as letting the right moment get by you. If these good people who advise us young girls to get married to Catholics would only put about one ounce of real help into every pound package of advice, we would all be getting somewhere. But, as it is, we all know we ought to marry that nice, etc., young man but none of us know how to get him.

ONE WHO IS ALSO WILLING.

To the Editor:

I want real bad to get into the discussion about marriage that is being carried on now in the pages of *The Queen's Work* because I have a thought which I think really ought to be brought out before the discussion is over. The thought is this: What is the right preparation to receive the sacrament of marriage?

Now, when we were in catechism class and the explanations were being given about matrimony I paid pretty close attention. And when it was explained that marriage is a contract between the two parties, the husband and the wife, that stuck in my mind. Well, now I am a stenographer in a lawyer's office, and I hear and write an awful lot about contracts of various kinds. So it sometimes comes to my mind to think about this contract of marriage in connection with what I know and notice about business contracts here in our office.

When two people are making an important contract they do sometimes go through a good deal of preparation before the contract is actually written and signed and witnessed. They go over the whole ground. It's a perfect nuisance sometimes for me to have to write out the memoranda and stuff that have to be got ready and submitted and approved and corrected and recopied and reapproved and recast and all that sort of thing before the contract is actually finished and signed and out of the way in our office. They have to talk together and write to each other and this and that and the other until you would think they were making another League of Nations or getting the Congress to pass one. But maybe all they are doing is forming a partnership to sell pigs.

Well, now, if these contracts we make in our office are so troublesome to get just right, and if so much preparation sometimes is necessary for them, what about the contract which is the sacrament of marriage? What preparation is necessary for that? Because some preparation certainly is necessary. It isn't reasonable to make such an important contract without sufficient preparation.

Now, I've been thinking over this matter about the preparation which is necessary, and it seems to me that the preparation is this: A good Catholic girl

and young man have first of all to meet and get acquainted. Then they have to have the opportunity of meeting often afterwards, in a way that both can find out the character, qualities and all that of the other and can see whether the other is a person they could like for all their whole life long. This is just about what two business men do when they make a contract of partnership in a sensible way. They meet and get acquainted and then judge whether they are likely to get along well together in business and make a success of it.

Well, now, what we call courtship, what is that but the preparation for the sacrament of marriage? Isn't it? To meet the right person, to get acquainted, to judge whether you can get along and be happy, to fall in love enough to get married, these are what people have to do before they can make that contract the catechism speaks of and receive the sacrament of matrimony in a reasonable way. So it's very important to have the right sort of courtship if a person is to make the right kind of marriage. The one has to go before the other.

What I am coming to is this. Why don't those people who are so interested in our making the right kind of marriage take more trouble to help us to make the right sort of courtship? The courtship is the preparation for receiving the sacrament. The one has to go before the other. My mother says that in the old days when people had homes and stayed there, it wasn't necessary to be talking about these things at all, because young girls and young men had their homes to court in and that was the very best place they could have. But that's gone out of fashion, it seems. And, besides, how many Catholic girls nowadays don't live at home. They go away to work, and just board around. Where are they supposed to get acquainted with the right young man,

and really get *acquainted* with him. I mean, as a preparation for the contract of matrimony? It's a mighty important point for the young woman herself, especially, as I say, if she does not live at home or hasn't a home where she would like to entertain her best young man.

Lots of us haven't the right homes to court in. They don't want us to go to the dance halls; the movies aren't a very nice place either. Well, where shall we go, then? Will somebody provide a place? Or do the good Fathers and others who talk about holy matrimony want us to enter that contract for life or until death do us part, without any courtship which is the preparation for making it rightly? As it used to say in a speech in our school reader: "I pause for a reply." And perhaps when you have read this far you'll say to yourself: "I'm glad she *pauses,* anyway."

A Law Stenographer.

To the Editor:

I am an interested reader of Letters on Marriage, and find them very amusing.

Yes, men talk a lot about our faults and how extravagant we are, but why not start at home? I will state some things as I have found and seen them.

I will start with extravagances. Any man that smokes, and believes in smoking a good cigar when he does smoke, will spend on an average of one dollar a day. Many men play pool or billiards, whichever appeals to them most, and do not think anything of spending a few dollars in either of these amusements. I do not say they play pool or billiards for a few dollars, but between the bets they make while playing and the cost of the game they spend a few dollars. At night, if they play poker, even on the basis of five and ten cents, in the course of an evening they

easily spend another dollar. This, as you see, does not include any drinks or treats they are apt to give during the day. I do not say that every day they spend five to six dollars, but an average of two and three dollars, and they think nothing of it. These are but a few items on which they throw away their money.

Now show me any girl that will spend two or three dollars a day of her hard-earned money for amusements. Perhaps once in a while they "blow" themselves to a good time, but then they don't spend as much as many men do in a day. Any girl that is a girl likes pretty clothes, and likes to look nice, but we have each our idea as to what we consider pretty clothes and good looks.

They say we are fickle. I will admit some are. But some men are also. They say we cannot keep a secret. Men between themselves will keep a secret; but let it involve a woman, and many times they don't. A woman keeps a secret according to the way she feels and thinks about it; though sometimes you will meet some who, if they say yes, will stick to it. They say we are gossips. I don't say men are gossips, but I'd like to see a crowd of women beat a crowd of men at talking. I will admit their line of talk is not like ours, but they can't be beat. They even forget to come home in time for their meals. *N'est-ce-pas?* They do foolish things and think that when they tell us about it we are going to pat them on the shoulder and say it is all right. I never saw the beat of men. Anything they do is all right. If any girl did half the foolish things men do, I think she would find it advisable to make her exit.

Then when they get married they think they are taking an angel. Those of you who do, are fooling yourselves. We have our ups and downs as much as you have, only if we are treated decently we keep

them to ourselves. You think you are going to go out, have your wild times, live for yourself, and when you get tired of that kind of life marry a good little home body and settle down to a peaceful life. That is where you make your great mistake. Take care! Perhaps your little home body will think, "Well, he has had his wild days—why not me?" She will think of you in the way you have lived in the past, regardless of how good you are now.

A bad girl will look up to a good man, and a good girl wants a good man for her partner in life. Yes, if you only were more true to yourself, you would be less disappointed in your later years.

Before entering matrimony why don't you make up your mind as to what kind of girl is suited to you? Any kind won't do. After you know, why not go in search of her, settle down, love and cherish her with all your heart, instead of wasting your best years in a long courtship. You see them so much before you marry that when you have them you don't care. A woman doesn't care how much she suffers or sacrifices or anything else as long as she has love. For a woman it is everything.

Too many men consider their home a place where they can get "three squares" a day and be waited on. Before you marry you don't seem to be at a loss how to treat a girl, to say you love her and to be considerate. Why not save some for after?

BECKY.

Biddeford, Me.

To the Editor:

It certainly does make me feel like a long lost friend that somebody meets all of a sudden, to see the letters on marriage that are appearing in *The Queen's Work*. The girl that signed herself "One Who is Also Willing," also hit the nail on the head. To read what

she wrote made me want to make a few remarks on this same subject myself. I suppose that there are about a hundred thousand Catholic girls in this country that would say just about the same things that she did if they would write just what they think.

Well, I am a clerk in a store. I'm twenty-two. I had a good Catholic education so far as I went, which was the eighth grade in the parish school. Then I had to get out and hustle like anything, as they say, because my father died and my mother needed my help. Well, I've been working about seven years now, and, believe me, I know a little something about the working girl's problems.

Ain't it hard for some of us to realize what the rest of us are up against? For me to hear what some good, well-meaning, inexperienced people say to working girls, and about them, gives me a severe pain sometimes; and sometimes it just makes me smile. They know about as much about what we are up against as they do about aviation. All theory, no experience; they haven't any of them been up in the air themselves in their lives, except figuratively speaking. But they certainly do leave the solid ground and go away up in the blue when they start talking about working girls and what they ought to do and to be. It isn't their fault of course, and they mean awfully well—but that's as far as they go. And meaning well often don't help the other party at all.

Well, having gotten that much off my mind, please let me say a word in regard to mixed and other marriages, because that is what I started to write on. Now to marry a Catholic young man three things have to happen: First you have to meet. Second you have to like him well enough to think that you'd be willing to have him as a steady companion, so to speak, for all the rest of your life. Third you have to make him like you ditto. I know I'm putting it

awfully plain and unadorned, but such are the facts. Any theory that doesn't take these three things into account is away off in the blue, and that's why so many of them are.

Well, then, take those three things. Number one: You have to meet each other. Well, how is it to be done? In the novels it happens just beautifully. I believe that some of the people that talk so easily about making just the right sort of Catholic marriage almost any time you're ready to, must be great readers of novels. She meets him, he meets her; they both recognize an affinity at first sight; she is a peach, he is a pippin; and so they are wed and live happily ever afterwards. Just put a Catholic tone into that little plot and you have a perfectly ideal account of a perfectly lovely Catholic marriage. The only trouble is that in real life it don't often happen just that way. I've had my eyes open for several years and I know.

The way it usually happens is this: You leave school. You go to work. You are fairly good looking. You have a good complexion, anyway, and can dress up right well. You go to work in the store. The plot thickens. There are lots of young men in the store, but a good many of them don't appeal to you for a minute. They are entirely too fresh, and you keep them away off at a distance. Strictly business. No unnecessary talk from you, if you please! But there are other young fellows thereabouts who look rather good to you. They are respectful, and they seem to be respectable. Some of them are friendly and want you to go out with them now and then. Well, you go. Sometimes it is to a movie, sometimes to a dance. Always perfectly proper of course. The plot gets thicker still.

Well, one of these young men, let us say, gets quite interested and interesting. He begins to show unmis-

takable signs of thinking deeply. So do you. You also commence to see that it is about to be up to you to come to a decision. You think more deeply still, and it occurs to you that he ought to be a good Catholic to come up to specifications.

Now maybe he is, and then things are pretty plain sailing. But maybe he isn't. And then what are you going to do about it? You feel confused. You appear to have fallen in love with a non-Catholic young man. He seems to have done likewise in regard to you. It shouldn't have been done. You ought to have foreseen this thing in time. I admit that you ought. But why didn't you? I think the explanation is simple.

The reason is that you didn't meet enough Catholic young men to make a real choice or to have a real opportunity to choose one. Where would you meet them? In the store? In the streets? At the movies? Wouldn't it seem natural that the good Catholic people who are interested in having us girls make good Catholic marriages, and in the young men doing likewise, would get together and provide us some means of meeting each other under conditions where we would know that we were all Catholics and fairly good ones and could become acquainted so as to see if we would make good partners for life? That's the first and the most necessary condition for making a Catholic marriage. As to the other two conditions, we girls can be trusted to take care of them for ourselves. But the first one we simply can't manage. It would do more good to have that managed for us than to give us all the advice that could be talked off rapidly between now and doomsday about making Catholic marriages. We want to make them. We will make them. But introduce us first, if you please!

I would never in the world have the awful nerve to send such a letter as this if I hadn't seen those

others in print. And I almost hope you won't publish this—it's so crude. I'm not going to read it over, but will mail it just as it is, before I change my mind. Those other girls, most of them, said that they'd had chances enough to get married—enough and to spare—but not the right kind. Well, I have had some, too. But it's the honest truth that I'm not thinking of myself right at this time. I'm thinking of that hundred thousand Catholic girls—nice, good girls who would make almost any reasonable Catholic young man happy and better, but who simply can't meet him or at least recognize him under present conditions because the other good Catholics won't give them the chance. I only wish some people would wake up and talk less and do more.

Regretfully and respectfully yours,
ANOTHER CATHOLIC GIRL.

CHAPTER II

THE OLD, OLD QUESTION OF COURTSHIP

To the Editor:

I HAVE read with interest the letters in *The Queen's Work,* and feel that I, too, would like to express myself. My opinions are similar to those already expressed, in as much as I do not see how we can be expected to marry nice, good Catholic young men unless we are given the chance.

I am a young lady from a very good Catholic family; in fact we have been considered one of the leading Catholic families in our city for a number of years. All during my school life I was more or less popular and had a host of friends among the boys in the various classes, as well as among the girls; and whenever there were any school parties, picnics, socials, or impromptu dances, no one enjoyed herself more than I did.

Since leaving school I have been holding a rather responsible position, but it has not diminished my love for sport and a good time. However, when we girls who were in school together go to the dances given by the local Knights of Columbus, or by any of the alumni associations in our city, there are about three or four of the boys of that crowd we went to school with who will ask us to dance. Then, too, many of these boys make a habit of bringing outside, non-Catholic girls to these dances, and you would be

amazed to note the difference in their popularity. They usually have six dances or so ahead, while we Catholic girls can consider ourselves lucky if we have six dances the entire evening.

Sometimes it would disgust you to see the appearance of these girls—hideous-looking dresses, paint or rouge enough to do for an actress or for two or three people, and some freakish mode of hair-dress. But the boys evidently like it, for they certainly show a preference for this type of girls at the dances. This may sound like "sour grapes," but it is nothing more than the truth. Then, too, our boys make a habit of going to the public dances in and about our city, where anyone who has thirty-five cents can go, and they dance with most anything, regardless of what she is or looks like. But take them up to a Catholic dance where they will be mixed with a crowd of their own kind, and they will stand around in droves, against the wall, like painted images. Glance a little farther, and you will see any number of nice, respectable girls sitting around who would be only too glad to dance with them and help to make the evening a pleasant one.

When these boys meet you on the street it is usually, "Well, hello there. Where have you been keeping yourself? I never lay eyes on you any more." It is hard to curb your tongue and not tell him you noticed he could not see you at the dance the other evening.

One evening we were discussing the manner in which the Catholic young men in this city either spend all their time at the Knights of Columbus club-rooms or down at the corner making remarks about everyone that passes, or out in a crowd of non-Catholics at the public dances, and how little respect they show toward their own Catholic girl friends with whom they went to school. There was a lady present at the gathering

who has two sons, and both of them were very good friends of mine in school; but now they are no exception to the rule. She spoke up—probably in defense of her dear boys—and said the reason we girls did not "get by" was because we did not make sufficient fuss over the boys, and that Miss So-and-So called up her sons frequently, and was always inviting them down to dinner or to her house for a big feed, or something of that kind.

That was almost too much for my Irish, and I frankly told her that my mother never found it necessary to be calling up the boys and putting out big feeds to them to get them to come to see her, and that I wouldn't do it either, and that her two sons and all the rest of the nice, good Catholic young men in the city would wait until doomsday before I would call them up. If they don't value one's friendship enough to do the calling, I would rather not be bothered with them. And that is just the way the majority of us girls feel. Frankly, do you think it is a girl's place to make the advances?

Before the war a Protestant young man came to room next door to us, and we became very good friends. He was a well-mannered young man and full of fun. We frequently went to play tennis after working hours until it became dark. In the winter we went skating, and came home and sat around and talked. Or, in the summertime, if my brother was not at home, he would take our family out in our machine for a ride. He had no relatives or very personal friends here, and we were very good to him and made him feel as much at home as possible.

On several occasions I chanced to meet some of the nice Catholic boys and, of course, they wanted to know who the attentive young man was whom they had seen me with so much, and if he was a Catholic. Upon finding out that he was not they wondered why

I was going around with a "left-footer." I told them in very short order that I had not seen any of them breaking their necks to show me a good time or take me any place.

This young man was overseas for two years and is back now, and has been given his former position, which is one of responsibility with a large manufacturing concern in this city. He makes a very good salary, and thinks he could make a certain little Irish girl a very good husband if she would let him. But here is the difficulty—he is a Protestant, and it has always been my firm resolve never to marry a non-Catholic. I prize my religion more than anything else, and although he apparently thinks a great deal of me and says he would never interfere with the practice of my religion, I do not favor mixed marriages and do not care to take a chance.

What are you going to do, though, when you don't have a chance to get around with your own kind of boys? And how are we going to marry them when they don't even pay any attention whatever to us?

I do not wish to sing my own praises, but I do think I am just as nice looking, nicely dressed, and probably much better educated than three-fourths of these disgusting "Janes," as our boys call them. Then, too, I dance well, and am considered pretty much of a live wire, and I know I am always in for a good time. So what is the matter? I am only one of many that are wondering about the same thing, and we would love to have someone figure it out for us and advise us just what our shortcomings are. If we were good enough for companions through school to these chaps, why shouldn't they appreciate us even more now?

My personal opinion is that the boys need to be told a thing or two, and need to be awakened to the fact that they are making a great mistake in passing us up

for the kind they do run after. For we are good Catholic girls and would gladly do all in our power to prove to them that we are the real thing if they would give us the chance.

ONE THOROUGHLY INTERESTED IN THE CAUSE.

To the Editor:

It was very surprising to me when I read the letters on marriage in *The Queen's Work* to find out that there are other girls who have the same difficulty in finding the right young man as I have. It really cheered me up greatly and gave me courage to write my own views on the subject.

As many other girls have been told, I, too, have been advised to go out and meet the young men. But where shall I go? Not to the dance hall, for it does not look well for girls to go dancing unescorted. Besides, to me the modern hall is a place of torture. Being particularly fond of music I cannot stand the metallic sounds of the jazz orchestra. And as that is the only place where one can be forgiven for meeting a young man without having been properly introduced, nothing else is left.

I have no schoolboy friends, as I attended a convent school from kindergarten to the last year of high school. Then I took a course in a ladies' normal school, and now I am a teacher. From morning until night, from one week's end to another, I meet no man, except occasionally a principal who is already married and who is invariably a non-Catholic.

At the end of the teachers' retreat in June the priest in charge told me that I would make a wonderful wife and mother. Many people say, "I cannot understand why you have no fellow." Some would-be advisers blame me and say that I am too particular. I am particular. No young man will ever say that I sought him or put myself in his way. But I shall not

hesitate to meet the right young man more than half way.

I know *what* I want, and the man of my desire will not be an ideal either.

But I cannot see any way in which I can ever find the *who* to fit the *what*. The teacher's fate, you must admit, seems to be the most hopeless. No wonder that these teachers are looked upon as "old maids"! What chance have they to be anything different? And the teacher plus the convent-school girl with practically no male acquaintances—what chance has she?

Therefore, as is the fate of many other girls, I remain in the world a spinster when my true vocation is to the married state.

AN UNWILLING BACHELOR GIRL.

Fall River, Mass.

To the Editor:

I have been reading and enjoying *The Queen's Work* for some time, and especially have I taken an interest in the Letters on Marriage. For some reason I have looked in vain for a letter from someone not afflicted with the malady which seems to be so popular with the writers of these letters.

Somehow I never stopped to think that I'd ever be an old maid, and before long I shall have dropped the "Miss" and put "Mrs." before my name, and "old maid" will be out of the question. The unfortunate one in this deal is one of these "good Catholic young men," too. If he hadn't been, I'd never have fallen in love with him, I'm sure.

I agree with the girls who have written this column —the type of men we want cannot be found on every corner. But your schoolday boy friends not speaking to you, I can't understand. Mine all speak to me, but maybe it is because I make it a point to have some remark or just plain "Hello" for them every time

I see them. As to marrying any of them—oh, gracious, I couldn't! I know them too well. It's not a very nice way to feel, but I'd wager on it most of them feel the same way about me. My fiancé went to school with me, too, but was four ahead of me, and I scarcely remember him. Anyway, don't you think that perhaps most boys are like me—they want someone new? I have Catholic and Protestant friends, and I try to be nice to them all and they are nice to me. I just promptly forget every one who isn't.

Why not give a few dancing parties? Most young men will come to them, especially if you include a "feed." You all know about reaching a man's heart that way. There is no need of being too formal about this "asking the boys instead of them asking you." Or get your brother or someone to help you. You don't have to ask them to go with you; just ask them to come. They'll find a girl before the evening is over. Maybe they are like you—waiting for a chance.

I may not have told you just how I won my Good Catholic Young Man. For how could I?—he won me. I do know what I did, though, and that was to ask God to help me find the right one, and I'm still praying so He will help us build the right kind of home.

A Happy Girl.

La Crosse, Wis.

To the Editor:

Upon reading the Letters on Marriage published in *The Queen's Work* I have an irrepressible desire to express my views about keeping company with Protestant and Catholic boys.

The Protestant boy is ably defended in most letters by the Catholic girls. And I wonder why? Just simply because he really knows how to treat a girl with great respect and courtesy—something very many of our Catholic boys have yet to learn. And

isn't it only natural for a girl to prefer going out with one whose treatment is such that she does not have to feel as though she were being honored by his presence, but vice versa?

Very many of our Catholic boys are so very, very conceited and think so highly of themselves that they actually act, when in the company of a girl, as if they were conferring upon her an honor more precious than the Croix de Guerre by taking her to some sort of entertainment, a dance, or even to a show.

And then if a girl would take the suggestion of "Jack" and follow up what is apparently a "good catch," by reciprocating with an invitation to a dance or party, the heartless blabmonger would boast to every fellow at the club to which he belongs that she is "crazy" about him. "Another invitation!"—and probably this is the first one that she ever sent him, and did send it only to show appreciation for a good time given her.

There is simply but one conclusion at which to arrive: that it is the boys who have the characteristics which are mistakenly attributed to girls—snobbish, uppish, conceited and hateful. And, too, boys are so extremely sensitive! And such a quality in a man merits nothing less than scorn and disgust from a girl. Who cares for a man whom one must pet and humor? He should get wise and remember that he is a man, and that his pouting days are over, and that it does not become him to act like a big hurt baby-boy. Simply say sweet things to him, "fuss him a bit," tell him he is the most wonderful creature alive, and then he likes you. Who wants such a specimen for a friend? Who cares for the friendship of a boy if it must be gained in that manner? A real honest-to-goodness man is not the one who is looking for the girls to "make" over him and do all but propose. On the contrary he is the one who will "make" over the

girl and be ever so courteous and gallant, for he wants to fight for the girl to whom he wishes to be something better and closer than a mere friend.

True it is, and sad indeed, that many of our Catholic girls are not as independent as they should be, but are too friendly and too anxious to please. But, then, when boys do meet girls who are "real" girls and who pride themselves on their reserve and independence, why do they give them cold, haughty and discourteous treatment such as was meted out to the girls abovementioned?

Probably the reason for this is that the boys cannot display any sentimentality with these girls, for these girls think far too much of themselves to allow any boy, no matter who he may be, to try what is becoming so very common nowadays—to kiss them good-night.

And this is what so many boys expect. I know for a certainty; for it came from the very lips of *the* young man himself that when boys take girls out for a good time they usually expect their money's worth back in loving. Is that not horrid? Is that not sufficient to incense you to such an extent that you feel that all boys are alike and you care not to make any exceptions? Some boys may laugh and ridicule me for taking exception to such demonstrations, declaring that they see no harm in them, just a little fun. Of course it is fun for them. But if a fine chance would come for the girl who let this particular boy bid her good-night otherwise than by a mere hand-shake, then that boy would be cad enough to parade around that he loved this girl more than her fiancé ever will.

And they cannot be shielded by the excuse that they are uneducated or ignorant, for those that I happen to have reference to attend a Catholic college.

It is a positive fact that the girls who make the biggest fuss over the boys who cast the lovingest,

dreamiest eyes at them, and who will permit a boy to use his apparently inexhaustible supply of love upon them, get the farthest, socially speaking. They are invited to every dance, party, and have engagements every week, while those girls who are ideal Catholic young ladies are the ones who are given the cold shoulder, to use a slang expression.

Well, this is my verdict concerning these young men—that I would not have any of the mushy upstarts; and if I could not find or meet a young man who was in quest of a girl who prided herself on her independence, a young man who highly respected a girl who acts as independent as he would want his sisters to act, then I would not take such refuse. I am better off by far in my happy home. For such men as they would never make a real home for a girl, nor even give her half of what she has been used to; and neither would any of them ever be a "real husband."

X.

Hamilton, Ohio.

To the Editor:

I enjoy your department Letters on Marriage. May I contribute? Opinions will differ in connection with the much mooted and interesting subject of matrimony, but to express my own views is my only desire, whether they be concurred with or disputed.

I feel reasonably certain in stating that the fellows do not really care for the flashily dressed, rouged, loud, bold type of girl, whose only thoughts seem to center around what fellow has the most money, costliest and best automobile, and when and where the next dance is to take place. While it is true some fellows choose to go around with the silly and shallow kind for a time, they sooner or later awaken to the fact that this living avails them nothing. Moreover, it is not fair to the sensible, good, stay-at-home girl

who waits very patiently until Mr. Right One comes along.

My opinion of a good girl is one who helps her mother, one who is true to her faith, and incidentally also true to the "only one." Of course she is, because she is a good girl.

This girl is also a good housekeeper. She can sew, cook, entertain and, last but not least, she can control her tongue. The men folks detest that eternal nagging and harping.

I feel certain the ideal type of girl can make a man's life one continual round of happiness. Her interest in him can spur him on to great things, and he can and will attain his objective because he is doing and daring for her sake.

I feel sorry for the man who weds a girl who must have her breakfast in bed, arises at a late hour, and spends the rest of the day idly gossiping with her own kind. He has to be contented with meals served from cans, a miserable, dirty house, and then foot the bills for her extravagant and costly clothes.

Then, again, the burden of responsibility should not lie entirely on the girl. The man must do his part, too. But so long as each party is continually aspiring to please the other, what matters it if the matrimonial bark encounters rough seas? Their interest, devotion and sincere confidence will prevail over the dangers that arise.

Oh, it's a serious business, this marriage game! How often she or he changes after the knot has been tied! He is "grouchy," uncommunicative, and likes to stay at home, while she flares up with a nasty temper and wants to go to a dance, show, or visit.

I have been surprised at the numerous ceremonies that are being performed without a nuptial Mass. I suppose that's fashionable these days, but in my estimation it is not Catholic.

I can only hope that I, as well as your other readers and contributors who hope some day to venture into matrimony, will find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

X. Y. Z.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

For some time I have been enjoying the letters on marriage published in your magazine. A statement made by a good friend of mine prompts me to write this letter, in which I mean to tell, for the benefit of whom it may concern, a few of the things I told him.

This young man goes with a girl of the business class—a chum of mine—and he certainly has the wrong "hunch" about this class of girl; and as far as in my power I mean to defend them, although most of them are well able to defend themselves. His statement was: "A business girl wants too much. A man with an ordinary salary couldn't support one. My ideal is a common little girl—the old-fashioned kind."

Now, as I am Irish—or perhaps it was because I have been a bookkeeper for the last six years—this made my blood boil. Would you boys who share this view want us to stay away from school just because great-grandma never went, or perhaps live on mush and milk because grandma had to? I hold that a girl who has had a taste of the cares of the business world is better able to manage a home—and manager she certainly must be. She is better fitted for understanding her husband's interests in life other than his home comforts and a man needs more than a wife—he needs a companion.

Marriage means more to a girl of this class than getting a good home and husband; it means the

giving up of a few of her ambitions. Did you boys ever stop to think that girls, as well as you, have ambitions? Would you leave your walk in life very readily if you got nothing in return? In the instance of the particular couple I have mentioned, the girl earns twice what the man does. He has no particular trade, and changes from one thing to another, and yet he expects this young woman to give up hers for him. And just because she has better sense than to do it, he condemns her class! The thing for him to do is get a brain throb, find the work he wants to do, and then do it with his heart and soul.

One of the things I admire most in a fellow is his interest in the life he has chosen. I don't wish to give the impression that we girls are all business—indeed not. I know I like to dance, swim, cook and sew as well as my sisters outside the business world. It's a good thing, too, for before two months will have passed I'll get my share of the last two occupations at least; and I'll tell you it's not without some regret that I think of leaving my present position. But I'm glad of the training I have received through it, for I know it will help me to be a better wife and mother to the children of the good Catholic man I am to marry.

Now, boys, it's this—my old-fashioned sisters make good wives, I know, but so also do we business girls.

A Business Girl.

La Crosse, Wis.

To the Editor:

With Letters on Marriage you have hit the nail on the head in your excellent publication. I'm a St. Louis printer and work for a Catholic publisher. How can we have Catholic families if our young people are forced to go outside of their community, mostly to the public dance halls, to pick up

"friends"? Or would you expect the girl's mother to make dates for her through some boy's mother? It would be like selling her.

For the love of Mike, let me have the address of one of your lonely girl correspondents! I have been turned down by so many good girls that I think these virtuous heart-breakers are more dangerous than the real fast species. Catholic girls in my community are very slow. They would not leave the house without a chaperon, no matter how well reputed the young man is. I have often desired to take one to an entertainment or a picnic just to have someone to share the fun with, but it looks as if I'll have to be "lonely Gus" for good. And propose to one? That would be a hopeless case.

Really, girls do not care to get married. They fly around with everybody until they lose all chance of getting married, or sit at home waiting for some fairy-tale prince to appear or some "rich fella" from novels.

ST. LOUISAN.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

I agree with everyone else who has read the Letters on Marriage, that they are most interesting.

What strikes me as strange is that the Catholic boys say Catholic girls prefer Protestant boys and won't speak to them unless they are dressed up. They also claim they want good sensible Catholic girls for wives, and say there are no such girls or, if there are, they have never met them.

Now common sense tells us that if you wanted to meet me and I really wanted to meet you, it wouldn't be very difficult to bring it about. Are the boys and girls really in earnest about wanting to meet Catholic friends? Do they take such precaution about

picking their friends as in their letters they insist they do?

If a Catholic girl received two invitations to a dance, one from a poor Catholic lad and the other from a Protestant boy who had a nice car and money to spend on her, which would she accept? You may say the invitation she received first; but I think the rich boy would be favored.

The boys of today do not place as much confidence in girls as boys did in father's day, nor can we blame them. I have seen the effects of money on young girls. Men of wealth who are fifty or over have wives of twenty. Some of these men are crippled, but have a young and attractive wife. The answer is money. Is it any wonder that the boys lose faith?

I have a good Catholic girl friend who is my idea of a fine girl.

DAN.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

To the Editor:

We hear much these days about the dress and doings of women, and justly, without doubt. But it seems to me that back of the dress and the paint and the frivolousness of the day is a root evil exemplified by a remark I heard made by a mere child, who, to someone that asked her whether she had a beau, replied that she "had a string of them." It sounds like an Indian counting his scalps; and there seems to be just about as much godliness and affection back of it.

Certainly a man's love is not to be preferred to God's, as it so often is. But for most of those who are not called to be His own it is a life duty to cherish and revere and cultivate a true and real and deep affection for one whose life God made ours to com-

plete. When marriage is preceded by such an utterly selfish, cold, savage appreciation for attention, how can it be the blessed, holy thing it should be? If friendship or love is dangerous it should be put aside, but if worth cultivating it should surely be considered of value.

Girls wonder why they have not opportunities to marry. I can tell you one reason in the words of a Protestant young man speaking of a Catholic neighbor: "I like her because she does not run after the boys like the other girls." Practically all of us in our everyday life have to meet men and women, and it seems to me that where it is necessary and right that we have dealings with each other, the less we worry about getting married and the more we follow St. Paul's advice to his disciples, "Treat old women as mothers and young women as sisters," the better it will be for all of us. Then, when we do marry, the married life will be more blessed and happier than can be the case if it is preceded by a life anxious for "anything in pants," as I have heard it expressed. The breath of God and manhood that is in all of us is brought out by the presence of virtue.

M.

Louisville, Ky.

To the Editor:

Can anyone state when the prevailing epidemic of bachelors started? Yes. Its progress corresponds with the increase of so-called female freedom, and as the women advanced more rapidly in this direction than the men, the latter were unable to keep up with the procession.

The majority of bachelors do not condemn the modern woman. They have been trying to reconcile

their ideas with hers, and censure themselves for being unable to keep abreast with the times. However, they are living contradictions to the heretofore established belief that "no man is any better than what some woman has made him."

Most of them realize what is lacking in their existence, and are bachelors through circumstances and not through desire. These are the fellows who want to look upon women as superior to themselves, but are they Pharisees if they cannot do so? Their ideal is the modest, refined, natural-faced, gentle-mannered, motherly girl they so much admired in their younger days—the almost extinct variety who ruled in everything by her own conduct and did not have to bully her way through life like her modern sister.

Well, then, why didn't he get one to his liking before the supply was exhausted? Because in most cases he gave the question too much thought and did not esteem his own virtues highly enough. If you could dig deep enough into his mind and heart you would be very well satisfied with the explanation you found.

Look around and see if the old bachelors of your acquaintance are not all deep-thinking, conscientious, unassuming, serious fellows, and quite competent to decide matters for themselves. Now and then you hear of one breaking out with jubilancy over his free and unencumbered existence, but this person is generally trying to deceive himself. You always find him railing about the present-day women; but you must be charitable, for even this fellow probably has two kinds of women in his thoughts at the time.

The old bachelor of today is living in the past. He is a dreamer. Just leave him alone. The damage is done and cannot be repaired. It is unnecessary to call attention to the fact that he is a bachelor. Its

monotony constantly faces him, although the actions of some wives make his loss less acute. This much-despised object is running his course. A lonely grave will hide his many blighted hopes and regrets. Some lodge members will follow him to the cemetery, and likely some other man's children will miss him. The world will have gained nothing but will have lost nothing, and let us feel that but few husbands have occasion to envy him his sleep.

G. E. O.

New York City.

To the Editor:

The Letters on Marriage have interested me to such an extent that I am desirous of giving my views. I realize it is a terrible waste of time and space to try to correct the faults in most young men, but I have come to the conclusion that their training in early life has been sadly neglected. For instance, I have a twelve-year-old brother whose duty it is to remove the debris from the waste-paper baskets throughout the house and to deposit it in the bin in the yard. Now this is a terribly painful task for him, for has he not two older sisters capable of doing this insignificant domestic duty? And why does he have to trudge to the stores for groceries or meat when father passes both, coming from his office? Absurd, of course. Mother and father must be lenient with him; so little brother, nine times out of ten, is permitted to play, selfishly ignoring the rights of others.

As regards the girls, they dearly love to wash dishes and iron clothes, and to get down on their hands and knees and scour the floor over which the boy has just trailed mud. His sisters pick up his books, coat and hat and put them away—all girls

like to be domestic!—because little brother is so tired after school. He has only enough energy left to play until the evening meal is prepared. Thus is planted a seed of selfishness that will later grow into laziness and an utter disregard for responsibilities. I sometimes am inclined to blame those directly in authority, both at home and at school.

I have always attended Catholic schools, and it is my good fortune to have about a ninety-five per cent Catholic friendship. Another thing I wish to mention which, I think, fosters selfishness in boys and men. In the Catholic grade and high schools the girls and boys are kept separated, practically always. The boys—gentlemen first!—lead the ranks into school and likewise out, occupy the foremost seats, recite first, distinctly separated from the mere females; and the distinction of reciting to visitors and adorning the blackboard with artistic season-suitables is accorded the male populace. The girls have little opportunity to express themselves, and in later years are made to feel subordinate to their masculine school and church friends.

I am not an unsusceptible old maid, dear readers, but just a twenty-two-year-old, true as I live, with three proposals of marriage and the future looking bright. No, I haven't accepted any of the gentlemen, nor did I make them squander any of their money in the years of our acquaintance. I am very moderate in my actions, hopes and desires, past and present. Likewise I am in no hurry to change the "Miss" to "Mrs." on my calling cards, for, if ever, love only will make me take that step. So far no man has ever made my heart miss a beat. An unusual matinee girl, yes? Likewise I have never sent a male—actor, movie-star, or intimate friend—a note. I have always realized the absurdity of such amuse-

ment. Furthermore the conceit of those mentioned above needs no encouragement.

Perhaps I have pommelled the menfolk too much, but I have simply put my views on paper, and I will read all the adverse criticism with true good sportsmanship.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHAPTER III

THE PLUMBER DIDN'T MEAN IT, BUT HE STARTED TROUBLE

To the Editor:

COULD a young man perhaps be excused for butting in, so to speak, and telling a few things that he knows about this matter of the young ladies and the young men? The young ladies have certainly had their say—as they usually do—but there are just a few things, please, that they have omitted to touch on. They are important things, too, believe me; but I can easily see why the young ladies pass them by.

Well, one of these things is this. Now, you take the facts as they stand. I am a Catholic young man. I was educated in a parish school up to about the middle of the seventh grade, and then I went to work to learn the plumbing trade; and I've been at it ever since, and making good money, too. It's a good, decent trade, even if I do say it myself, and I've got enough money salted by already to give me a good start on the right road when I find the right Catholic girl to make me a little home. Now I believe in every word that is said about Catholic marriages; and no non-Catholic for mine. I want to get that clear right from the start. But I certainly do find it hard, as those girls have said, to make her acquaintance.

What those girls have said about the lack of socia-

bility and all that, is right. I haven't any kick coming at all with what they have said about that. It certainly is fierce sometimes how wall-eyed and distant-like some of these Catholic congregations look to a rank outsider who has been plumbing all week and don't find nerve enough, when he gets all dolled up on Sunday afternoon or week-day evenings, to go and push in anywhere and make some friends. The boys are worse off than the girls when it comes to making friends. People sometimes talk about a person's being "as bashful as a girl." That's nothing at all in comparison with being as bashful as a boy. Take it from me, a young man is sometimes the most bashful animal there is on earth. I've known young men who were so bashful that they would wait weeks before they had the nerve to ask a girl at a counter for a half-dozen pocket handkerchiefs. The young men—and the girls also, I'll admit—need a whole lot more help than they ever get to become properly acquainted with Catholics and keep in good Catholic company. I'll say they do. Somebody had ought to get busy, and good and soon, and start something if they want Catholic marriages like we ought to have.

But what I want to say is this: Lots of times it's the girl's own fault if she don't get married to a Catholic boy—mostly it's her own fault, I'll say. They don't give a good, hard-working young man the right encouragement. They are too what you call finicky. They, lots of them, seem to hold their noses altogether too high in the air.

Now take me, for instance. I am a hard-working and sober young man. I have no bad habits that I know of except chewing tobacco, and maybe whipping out a cuss unconscious-like when some tool slips or something; but that is never intended. But I never had much training, so to speak, in manners;

and you can maybe see from this letter that I ain't got any too much education. I read the papers and that is about all I ever do read. But take it from me, there are about ten hundred thousand, more or less, of us marriageable young Catholic fellows floating around loose, that haven't got much more what you call culture and education than what I have got.

Now what about some of those Catholic girls that we would like to marry? Would they stand for us? I'll say they would not. Not on your tintype! They would freeze me cold. How are they brought up while I am plumbing away eight hours a day with my hands in the mud, etc? While I quit at the seventh grade, they went on through high school and they maybe took a course in a business college. When I see some of the girls that I went to school with at St. Patrick's parish school, I cross over to the other side of the street for fear they'd see me in my working clothes with grease on my face and hands. They look so highly polished I'd be afraid to touch them for fear of spoiling the varnish. The way they dress gives me the willies. I see my little bank account standing the strain of paying for clothes like they wear!

And what would I talk about to ladies like them? And can they cook and clean house? And can they save money? And would they look twice at a fellow like me? I'll say they would not. But they and I were brought up together until I went to work. Then good-by!

Maybe I am prejudiced. Maybe I expect too much. Some of these girls may have a comeback and may say that I better go to a night school or something and catch up with them in what you call cultivation. I believe I ought, and maybe I will. There's fault on both sides, I suppose. But I thought I would set down a few words about how this thing of mar-

rying a nice Catholic girl looks from my side. It is not as simple as it looks. Sociability is what we need, but it is not all what we need. Some of these Catholic girls that I used to pull their hair in the parish school are flying so high—both ways, I mean, both educationally and financially—that it would hurt my eyes to follow them. And they hadn't ought to hurt my eyes, because I am sober, honest and respectable, and in a mighty short time I am going to have a nice little business of my own and as cozy a little home as you would ever wish to see.

A PLUMBER.

To the Editor:

I have been following up quite regularly the Letters on Marriage which have been published in *The Queen's Work*. They are very, very interesting, and what the girls have been saying stands good in every case. What I have to say, mostly pertains to the letter which was published in the last issue of the magazine, and signed "A Plumber." I think that someone ought to acquaint him with a few facts. Now I am going to take myself for an instance, and the same is true of nearly all of the other girls who are considered in the same class.

I graduated from the ninth grade of the parish grammar school and went two years to high school, on leaving which I entered a business college, from which I graduated. I am now private secretary to the owner of a large business. I do not consider that I am a snob just because I hold my head up. That is only the assumption of a dignity which every girl, no matter from what grade she left school, should possess. I dress well. No employer wants a young woman in his office if she is not dressed well; it improves one's personality. It is not expected that a girl should look the same as a fellow when she is

coming home from her daily work, because in almost every case a girl's work permits her to look nearly as fresh at the end of the day as she did in the morning. And talking of expense—I wonder if people realize, when they see a well-dressed girl on the street, that perhaps she stayed at home four nights out of five in order to make the clothes that she has on, thus paying about one-fourth as much for her clothes as she would otherwise.

I guess I have said enough on that subject, and perhaps a little too much, but I would appreciate it very much if you would get this before the eyes of the fellow who composed the letter of which I speak.

M. G.

Central Falls, R. I.

To the Editor:

Could that young fellow that wrote such a lovely letter on marriage be from St. Patrick's School of this city? If he is I think he is mistaken. In fact, I know he is; for the girls he went to school with, if that be the school he went to, are noted for their sociability, as a rule. As there are exceptions in every case, perhaps he has met only the exceptions since he left school.

Then, again, he writes about the boys being bashful. Well, I'll say it's too bad about them if they are bashful. It is their own fault, and the sooner they get over the bashfulness the better off they will be. It is far easier for a fellow to get acquainted with a girl that he would like to know than it is for a girl to get acquainted with a fellow that she would like to know; because at a dance a fellow can ask a girl to dance with him and therefore get acquainted. But what can a poor girl do to get acquainted? She

can't go up and ask the fellow to dance with her, for if she did she would be called bold.

As for a girl not knowing how to keep house or cook, I don't believe there is one girl out of ten that went to St. Patrick's that doesn't know something about housework. Because the people down in St. Patrick's were not well off enough to employ maids to do their work; therefore the girls had to help.

I think the best thing for that young man to do, whatever his name may be—because I am sure I don't know who he is and I have raked my brain to find out and I give up—the best thing for him to do is to come down to St. Patrick's some Sunday for Mass and see for himself. I am sure he will find he is mistaken.

Here's hoping the young man does.

A READER.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

I have been reading the Letters on Marriage in your magazine, and after reading one in the July edition, signed "A Plumber," I determined to write and say that I certainly do think that young man deserves one of the best and finest girls that can be found. I certainly admire him for his grit in butting in, as he called it, and his views are very refreshing.

I myself have been educated through high school and business college, too, and at present am what the world terms an expert bookkeeper; but heaven forbid that I ever turn up my nose at any of my old school pals or hard-working friends. On the other hand, I have always admired a self-made man, one who isn't always blowing about having a millionaire father and his being the only son, and all that usual

line that one gets with making an acquaintance. Personally, I would take a hard-working man any day to a dude or one who is afraid to dirty his hands. It seems so easy for the average man of today to earn his living otherwise than by the sweat of his face, and it seems and sounds good to learn that there are still a few of the other kind left.

Hope that plumber will cheer up! Girls who are really sincere in their intentions and really love "the man" will marry him regardless of his position in life. In the meantime let us not be narrow-minded and judge all girls alike, for that is not quite fair. There are many girls in the world like myself, who admire one of this type and are waiting for the chance to meet him.

Yours for Happy Catholic Marriages.

A Cincinnati Girl.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To the Editor:

After I passed *The Queen's Work* to several friends they all agreed with the girl who told about the men being so hard to get acquainted with. My honest opinion is that they are too stingy and selfish to show a girl a nice time by taking her to a show or to an ice-cream parlor. I suppose it would be the best thing in the world for them to get a girl that would be willing to stay at home night after night and spoon; that's cheap.

I have heard it remarked by one of our own Catholic boys that he "would rather go to see an engaged girl"—of course, I guess the other male party is understood to be out of town—"because if you go with another they think right away that you want to get married." Well, what were you young men taught in school and at your monthly conferences? That marriage was a sin? Well, I wasn't. We girls

were told there is no excuse for a girl to stay single. Well, boys, if you want your chance, take it. If the girls marry non-Catholic boys it's a good bit of blame to you. Even though it is leap year, people don't live by it.

Just to show you how selfish some boys are, I'm going to tell you about a K. of C. picnic I went to. Don't get excited—I wasn't accompanied by a nice Catholic young man, but by my sister and girl friends. The K. of C. boys, the very ones I went to school with, don't know us, or else they don't want to. It just depends on where they are. If after Mass on Sunday they speak to us, at their picnics they don't know us. There were various amusements at the picnic, but the chief one was dancing, and not a Catholic boy asked me to dance. And out of all the crowd three Catholic boys spoke to me. The Protestant boys of my acquaintance are more polite and more gallant than the Catholic ones.

As for the poor little plumber boy, why does he go out of the way of the girls? As he says, it's his own shame of being in working clothes. Possibly the girls don't even notice them. And the money that he has, he doesn't need to spend it all to take up a little extra night class. Most towns have free night schools, and they are very good; and maybe it will be worth while spending what he has to acquire the knowledge and culture he needs.

And about the girls' dresses. Of all the absurd ideas! Many things the girls wear now are handmade and by their own selves. Possibly it wouldn't shatter your bank account to keep a family, after all. Show me any young man that will go with a girl that doesn't look nice. What about some boys paying twelve to fifteen dollars for silk shirts? And I know they don't sew.

Well, this is rather a long letter, but if you can't print it all don't print any of it, because we feel that all of it is too important to leave any part out.

TWO HAMILTON (OHIO) GIRLS.

To the Editor:

When the young women and young men took it upon themselves to write letters on Catholic marriages, they certainly knew what they were about. I am not a stenographer, nor do I work in an office. Nevertheless I am away from home nine months out of the twelve. I have travelled considerably, and for this reason I am writing this letter.

Upon entering a strange city I look around the station for an advertisement directing me to a Catholic young women's club, because we have a very nice one in our city. I am always disappointed. Why? Because our Catholic people do not stick together, and owing to that indifference Catholic girls in a strange city are forced to stay at the Y. W. C. A. You may say, "Why do they do so?" Well, I suppose for the same reason I myself did. I could not afford the best hotel; I would not stay at a cheap one. Boarding houses are out of the question unless we are recommended to one. Therefore we do the next best thing—go where we are assured of exclusion and are among girls who, though of different religion, are educated and refined.

In the non-Catholic churches they have friendly societies for the single and married who attend. When members move they are given a letter from the head of the church they are leaving, to the one in charge of the church in the vicinity to which they are going. They are there received into friendly societies, and in this way they are placed in right homes and meet right people.

Yes, indeed, we have societies in our churches. I

am secretary of one, and intend going to Washington in September to a convention. But we do not take the right interest in strangers. Why is it every city does not have Catholic clubs for both sexes? If every city had a club for girls and one for young men placed on the same street or within walking distance of each other, each club to have a matron or moderator, then in the large reception halls or parlors that generally go with a club young girls could be properly introduced, and in this way homeless and away-from-home folks would be made to feel that all Catholics are friends.

If for some reason there is no club, then why not a boarding house conducted by a Catholic woman "for Catholics only"? No need to be timid about specifying; we owe no one an apology for our religion, our homes, or our business. If some woman would do this, go to the pastor and tell him about it, then when a stranger came to the rectory and inquired for a home the pastor would be in a position to direct him.

Now about that young plumber who so bashfully told about, and almost apologized for, his honest labor. I would love to give him a "hypo" of self-confidence. He made one sensible statement—that is, "some day to have a business of his own." And as for crossing the street when he meets a girl he went to school with, he is doing nothing more than has been done to myself because I happened to be a little dressed up. Perhaps if I was on my way home from some factory I would be greeted with a good-natured slap on the back. To be candid, I do not admire that kind of fellow. I always thought man was the superior and protector. Then why in heaven's name doesn't he live up to it? Always follow the music. Speak to any girl you meet if you know her. I can assure you that you will not

be frozen out. If it should happen that you are snubbed, then think entirely too much of your good common sense to take notice of her ignorance; for the person who snubs is ignorant.

Now, plumber, please don't get cold feet when it comes to the wearing apparel of girls. We have reached the age when young women can dress on one-half of what the women in past years expended. We look ten times as well because we have the style and know how to wear clothes.

After reading the letter signed "A Servant of the Queen" I could not help thinking of my spinster aunt in the Middle West, with whom I spent my early girlhood. She always said, "Molly, dear, if you were in a hole in the garden, if there was a man born for you he would come and get you." I always answered, "And aunty, dear, are you still waiting?" Then I made my escape through a door or window. Yes, it is true The Queen will protect us, but we must not expect her to come on earth to make friends and earn money for us. We must trust in ourselves, work for ourselves, protect ourselves, then ask God and His Blessed Mother to bless and guide us. If everything does not come out right, then it must be our lot. So let us all bear our misfortunes and take our medicine like the game sports every working and self-supporting girl should be, in order to get along with this world.

A Twenty-one-year-old Trained Nurse.
Dunmore, Pa.

To the Editor:

This is in answer to the letter signed "A Plumber."

This young man goes on to say that it is the girls' own fault that they do not get acquainted with good Catholic young men. But I differ with him, for I

have had all kinds of experience myself with these young men. He says the girls are so highly polished and so educated that a poor fellow like himself would be afraid to look at them. Now, I myself am a good Catholic young lady with just a common-school education, and boys that I have gone to school with sneer at me because I have good common sense and do not believe in all kinds of powder and paint and fluffy ruffles. They pass me up for such a girl.

Now I want him to know that I am a good, hard-working girl, have been working for the last nine years in an office, and find it very hard to get acquainted with a good Catholic young man whom I would like to make my partner for the rest of my life. It seems as though the non-Catholic boys show more respect to me than my own schoolmates who are no better educated than I am.

I must say mixed marriages are the worst thing one ever got into, for I have several friends who are sorry to the heart for ever entering into such a contract. But what is a girl to do? She cannot step up to a nice young man whom she would be indeed very glad to get better acquainted with and ask him to call on her. That is very much out of her place. Why don't these young men pick up a little courage and after Mass on Sundays watch for the girls they would like to call on, and ask to escort them home and have a little friendly chat? Then if she acts indifferent it is time enough for him to get discouraged.

You know a faint heart never won a fair lady.

A Working Girl.

St. Joseph, Mo.

To the Editor:

Upon reading the Plumber's letter, I found myself fairly boiling over with indignation at the awful

things he said about our highly respectable sex. Perhaps, then, you'll excuse my "butting in," to use his own pet phrase, since I am only a sixteen-year-old member of said sex, and am therefore not included in this marriage question at all. But I could not resist the temptation of telling that *sober, honest,* and *respectable* plumber man just what I think of him; which, I don't doubt for a moment, will include what many other Catholic young ladies think.

In the first place, he seems to think that the young ladies he went to school with at St. Patrick's are the only ones in the world! I'm thinking he'll have to look farther than St. Patrick's to find a young lady to fit *his* qualifications. But even if he can't find one there, he needn't be discouraged; for didn't our Lord say "Seek and you shall find?" But he speaks of bashfulness. Well, if he is too bashful to look for a wife he is surely too bashful to have one!

What does he expect a girl to do, I should like to know? He surely doesn't expect her to make the first advances. If he does, I think he will wait a long time, for that is something no self-respecting Catholic girl will do.

And the very idea of his crossing the street when he sees one of his old-time schoolmates coming, just because he doesn't happen to be "dolled up." It surely looks as if he were ashamed of his *highly respectable* plumbing trade. As for the girls looking so "highly polished," he surely doesn't expect them to have greasy smudges on their faces and clothes, does he? That would be too ridiculous. They wear their working clothes as he wears his; and more credit to them if they are nice and neat.

And look here, young man! Don't get it into your head that because a girl dresses nicely she spends enormous sums on clothes. Most working girls of the

present day make their own clothes, and pretty ones, too.

And let me tell you, also, that none of these perfectly eligible Catholic young ladies would be overly proud to introduce to their friends, as their husband, a young gentleman who *chews tobacco*—worst of all bad habits—and says ungrammatical things. I know it is hardly fair that, as a rule, girls get a better education than boys—who really need it more. But neither you nor I can remedy that, unless, as you say, you take up a course at night school. And for goodness' sake, stop chewing tobacco! Smoke if you will, but don't *chew!*

You want to know what you would talk about? Well, if you read the newspapers—and I don't mean the sporting column exclusively—you surely ought to have something to talk about. But, believe me, I don't think *you* would ever want for something to talk about when you can write such a letter.

As for those girls knowing how to cook and clean house—well, I can't answer for *them,* but I know all *my* girl friends can. And as for the looking at you twice, why shouldn't they? Not knowing what you look like, I can't very easily pass my opinion on your beauty—that is, if you mean literally to speak of your appearance. But if you mean that they wouldn't look twice at you because you are just making your way in the world—why, I don't see how you can be very poor with the wages plumbers are getting nowadays. Having a cousin who is a plumber, you see, I know quite a bit about them. Don't think everybody looks down on plumbers. They don't. (Especially not if the plumbers are *tall.*)

But I must close now, as I guess everybody is tired of this stupid letter; and *you,* Mr. Plumber Man, must be fairly bored to death. But I hope at least it has taught you not to rail at the whole femi-

nine world just because some of its more unworthy members are snobs.

When I told my sister I was going to roast you alive for your awfully critical letter, she told me not to be *too* hard on you, for she supposed you were a good sort of a fellow 'neath all criticism. So I will close, thanking the editor for the space this takes up in his most excellent and enjoyable magazine—if it doesn't end in the waste basket instead. Hoping that *you,* Mr. Plumber Man, find that *most virtuous* Catholic young lady before you have too many grey hairs in your head, I will sign myself,

A YOUNGER ONE.

Scottdale, Pa.

P. S. My sister bets you won't publish this because I said so many mean things to that Plumber Man. But come now, be a good sport and admit he deserved them, every one. I don't suppose this will be the *only* come-back, as he called it; so you'll have to publish one.

To the Editor:

The Letters on Marriage in your admirable magazine, which I devour from cover to cover, are most interesting.

As one who never had any designs on marriage, may I say a few words? I agree with a former writer in this column that "it's a pity girls do not set more value upon being just what they are." But if every girl did that, with no move in either direction, where would the world be?

I think the young men of today are too much pampered in their own homes. The daughters are brought up to "give this to John, do that for Louis, leave those for Jim," and so on. Then when this John, Louis or Jim gets out among others, because a girl does not flatter him, but sometimes gives him

plain facts, he gets peeved and looks around for a girl who though less sincere has a bit of the blarney. What does he care whether she can sew, cook or keep accounts? She gives him what he demands and receives at home, and he is satisfied for the time being. Then later, when he sees that the sensible, capable girls are giving him mere tolerance, he, like the fox of the fable, comforts himself by saying, "They are too sweet (not sour) for me." So say I.

As I have said, I never had any designs on marriage, but I know many good, capable girls who would make model wives for sensible men. And I am sure if some of these same unassuming girls took some of these fox-type young men on a bank tour, these same fable-folk replicas would stagger, then run. Money puts the spurs on.

Of course no girl wants that type of man; but they seem to be in the majority and, naturally, they are the ones to be talked about. I felt sorry for the plumber, but he depicted the average young man of today—spineless and conceited and then wondering why the girls pass him by. Not enough backbone to make advances, and not enough common sense to know that a self-respecting girl does not care to speak with a man who chews tobacco.

Again I repeat that the young men are too much pampered at home. If the sisters and mothers would do only the necessary things for them for a generation or two, we would not be confronted with the type of men whom Doctor Walsh characterizes as triflers.

Fall River, Mass. A QUEEN'S WORK LOVER.

To the Editor:

Upon reading in *The Queen's Work* the Plumber's letter I wish to state I agree with him. I am just a young lad of twenty-one, but I have been through

a lot in the last three years which has changed my ideas of things considerably. I volunteered in 1917 and went to France and came back in the summer of 1919. During my time in the army not one of my girl acquaintances and friends ever wrote to me. I can tell you it made me rather blue at times when I thought of it. I used to wonder how I had offended them or what was the reason they didn't think enough of me to write and ask how I was feeling or if they could send me something. But never a word did I hear. The other members of my outfit noticed it, and some were kind enough to give me girls' names so I could get acquainted with them. Well, I couldn't very well do that. I figured that if my own friends forgot me I wasn't going to look for sympathy from strangers.

When I got back it was the same story. I remember one incident clearly. This young lady happened to be walking on the same side of the street as I one day. When I got near her I spoke to her, and she looked at me and passed on without a word.

These were all Catholic young women, too. Now, sympathy or pity is not what I am looking for. When I read the replies to the Plumber's letter I felt I should write and show that a man might be justified in saying what he did.

There is nothing about me in looks or habits that a girl could object to that I am aware of. My opinion of women has certainly changed a lot since those days when they forgot me, and hundreds like me, and had their fun when we were offering our lives. The girl that has no more heart than that can't be trusted to make a good wife for a decent fellow. She would desert him in a pinch and leave him to fight the battles of the world alone.

An A. E. F.

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:

In answer to the letter signed "A Twenty-one-Year-Old-Nurse," she is right when she says that a Catholic girl has no other place to stop when traveling, except at the Y. W. C. A. or some similar place. But has she ever thought of the great resource of prayer? Without it we are lost.

Everyone is throwing bouquets at our plumber friend, and nasty ones, too; but he deserves it. But go easy, and remember kind words are more forceful than harsh ones. Show him his mistakes. And above all, let him use his rosary and stop knocking.

I am looking for a good Catholic girl, but I am not raising the roof off about it. And as long as there is a Catholic church in this good old U. S. A. I will never marry a non-Catholic or an indifferent Catholic. A good, practical Catholic girl, plain and sensible, is all that is necessary for any sensible fellow to look for.

I am only twenty-two years old, and I am not a plumber nor an office worker; I'm an automobile worker, with all its grease. But I am proud of it because I make my living by it.

Let's get up and at it. Pray a little harder each day and we will all come to the end which is our goal.

A Soldier of the Sacred Heart.

Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAPTER IV

PRAYING FOR THE RIGHT PARTNER

To the Editor:

I HAVE been an interested reader of the Letters on Marriage contributed lately to your magazine, and I judge from the tone of all of them that the girls are really in earnest in their efforts toward having this question thoroughly thrashed out in all its bearings.

Having sat through many missions myself where the girls were admonished and warned in turn by dear, good missionary priests in regard to the settling of this very important matter, I can sympathize fully with the former when they ask where, oh, where, are they to find that fine, upstanding type of man required by all the laws of the Church, or having found, or at least spied him from afar, exchange greetings?

The fact that all of your contributors are from the ranks of office workers increases my interest, for I also am of such. Their letters do them credit, for they are very practical and to the point, revealing a real desire to hear from those who are more experienced. So here is where I switch off and get real confidential with the girls "who are willing."

Dear Little Sisters:

To be willing is quite natural and very human, and is, I think, characteristic of every normal young girl —at least in dreams. Sometimes, however, this ideal

of our dreams is in reality never meant to materialize, but is given to us so that we may never accept any inferior substitute. I wonder if that point of view occurred to the little lady who signs herself Law Stenographer and refers to contracts. I'm a bit afraid of her opinion in giving my mature advice. She'll probably think me visionary or a relic of the past ages. Well, at any rate, I'll risk her scorn.

So far the discussion has been all for marriage—no question of being left to "walk alone." But let me assure you, girls, as one who has been doing that same for a good many years, the alternative is not to be despised and, after some more years have rolled over your dear young heads, will perhaps be accepted by many of you with gratitude, realizing that you have been well guided.

Be that as it may, my advice is: Leave it to The Queen. She is in a special manner the mother of every Catholic girl, and if you can possibly manage to hear Mass every day, where she holds special court, she will present your petitions to the King. In her great love she will either fit you to live as she did in the world—a strong, sweet woman, capable of standing alone, even beside a cross—or, if you still insist on the real nice Catholic young man, her judgment will be invaluable to aid in his selection.

A Servant of the Queen.

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading the very interesting Letters on Marriage in *The Queen's Work,* and I simply cannot resist the temptation of writing you my opinion on the subject.

I am also one who has made a resolution never to marry unless it be with a good Catholic, and I have not had an easy time to keep it, either; for I have

kept company with several non-Catholic young men, and at one time thought a great deal of one in particular, but I simply told him that I would marry a Catholic or no one. He would have become a Catholic with a little encouragement. In fact, he did go to a priest; but I felt that he was not doing it for any love of our religion, and I know now that I was right. Do you think that I am sorry because I discouraged him? Please don't! For I am immensely happy, because I feel I will yet find a good Catholic husband.

The girls who have written before ask for some suggestions to help them solve their problem. They are Catholics; but have none of them ever thought of prayer? You probably have wondered why I felt that I should marry a good Catholic although I have never kept steady company with one. That is the solution—prayer.

No doubt you think I am so old and want a husband so badly that I have to pray for one. Wrong again. I am just twenty years old, and have plenty of boy friends. But I feel that were I to choose a husband without God's help, I would never be happy; and my one desire is to marry a *good Catholic* young man and some day have a son who will be a priest of God. Do you think me foolish? My ears are burning already. I am not bothering about that, for I feel I shall win out if I take our Lord's Blessed Mother as my advocate and model. Some may think me old-fashioned, but I hope and pray that in this wide world there is one Catholic young man who wants just such a girl. And something tells me my hopes are not in vain.

Hoping that my suggestions will bring hope to those discouraged ones, and wishing *The Queen's Work* an abundance of success, I sign myself

A Client of the Blessed Mother.

To the Editor:

I have read with interest the letters in *The Queen's Work*, and feel that I, too, would like to express myself.

I served twenty-six months in the army, was with the A. E. F. in France, passing through England on the way. I received what little education I have at two Catholic schools in Chicago, Illinois, where I was born, and had many friends, very seldom missing any parties, picnics, socials or impromptu dances.

No one enjoyed himself more than I did. But there was always a something lacking; and I am frank to admit that I don't know who was at fault, my schoolmates or myself. But while in the army it fell my lot to meet a good Catholic young woman at the St. James Alumni dance. And don't be one bit surprised; with God's help I am going to marry her in November of this year.

After I met her that evening in June, 1918, I went back to the Fair Grounds where we were camped for five days, and I prayed as I never prayed before that God would help me, because I did want to meet that girl again. I also prayed to the Blessed Virgin to help me. And I did meet her again; and after I had known her long enough to have had the pleasure of herself and her girl friend seeing me at camp a few times, I prayed that God would help me to be good enough to be worthy of her, and to help me to choose.

It seems very funny that not one of the young people who have expressed themselves on this page ever thought of prayer; but they did think of how and where they could meet young people of their own faith.

I trust that I shall always remain

Yours for happy Catholic marriages,

East Chicago, Ind. P. H. B.

To the Editor:

I have read with much interest the Letters on Marriage and feel I would like to express myself. I have been watching and waiting to see one letter where the Queen of Heaven has been asked to intercede with our Heavenly Father for a good husband.

So many people think it wrong to pray for a husband. God made marriage a sacrament. Surely, then, He wants people to marry, when it is their vocation. God is the same today as He was in the beginning, and He can do anything. So my advice is to start right away and make a novena to our Blessed Mother to intercede for you for a good husband.

I find my requests are granted much sooner when I ask through our dear Mother. But you must have faith. In your hearts you must know your prayers will be answered if God wills.

When you go with a non-Catholic try to convert him; pray that God will give him light. He belongs to God as well as you do; so try through prayer to bring him into the true faith. I pray for everything that is reasonable, and I almost always get what I ask for. So pray, pray, and keep right on praying. Leave it to God.

AN INTERESTED READER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editor:

Allow me to voice my opinion on the Letters on Marriage. I have read with much interest the letters so far, but the one that impressed me most was by "A Client of the Blessed Mother."

I surely think that the majority of young people nowadays are selfish. They don't want to work together. The girl expects the man to have money in order to keep her in society, and the man, unless he

has quantities, won't often ask the girl to marry. . . . If there were only more of the "Mary and Jim" type, how much brighter and happier this world would be! And there can be more if each one will do his or her part.

What has become of our "old-fashioned" girls and boys? Will they never return? Where is the boy who was happy to call on the only girl in the world and sit and talk with her amid her family or walk down the narrow lane, and the lassie who was happy walking with her lover and thankful for a nickel's worth of candy instead of having him spend three dollars and sometimes more a night, like a great many now, on a show, something to eat and a taxi home?

There is much to be said about the Catholic young men of today. As one writer says, they spend a good share of their time in the poolroom, or on a corner, or at a non-Catholic dance with a "painted doll" whom they perhaps wouldn't recognize on the street; and when they meet one of their Catholic schoolgirl friends they pretend they are so tickled to see them. I know that's true, for I have noticed it in the parish that I belong to; but I don't pay any attention to it any more, because I feel that a Catholic boy of that kind isn't worth fretting about. There are plenty of others, girls, that we can be proud of.

There isn't, I think, enough sociability between the Catholic young men and women, and I think that is why a great many boys find the pool hall or the painted-doll type of girl more attractive. They think their Catholic girl friends haven't as much "pep" or aren't as pretty. Well, remember, "Beauty is but skin deep," and it isn't looks that count at all. It's the gentle girl with the pure heart and true love that attracts a good, strong, clean-minded boy.

I am a young girl with bright hopes for the future, and I believe with "A Client of the Blessed Mother" that the solution for all problems is prayer. I have great confidence in the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother, and I feel sure they will hear my prayer and bless me with the "Dearest Old-fashioned Boy in the World."

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

Moorhead, Minn.

To the Editor:

So many of the boys are bemoaning the fact that they cannot find good Catholic wives, but do they ever examine themselves as to whether or not they have fitted themselves to be good Catholic husbands? And the girls—do they study to learn cooking, sewing and the other arts of homemaking? I am afraid that the majority do not. Still they will sit back and blame those of the opposite sex for their condition. If they would both do a little less arguing and fretting and work toward their chosen ideal perhaps we would not have so many discouraging letters.

There are many, no doubt, who disagree with me, but I will always believe that there is more consolation in prayer than in a pretty face and many admirers. It isn't easy to think that you are being left when others are enjoying the love of husband and children, but if you put on a brave face and trust to God's infinite wisdom, you will be rewarded in the end by the love of a good Catholic man.

When you begin to feel alone and neglected why not join a gymnasium class and get some life and pep into you? Then you won't have time to think about being left. It will make you strong, healthy and fit to marry. Then learn to cook, sew and keep a house, and when Mr. Right comes along you can put your hand in his knowing you will be worthy of him.

But what if you never marry? Is there really any disgrace in that? If you pray for guidance and God sees fit to deny you a husband, He will give you something far better to take his place. For if we only have enough confidence and patience our prayers will be answered.

POLLY.

Ottumwa, Iowa.

To the Editor:

The Letters on Marriage have interested me to the highest degree and I have been debating whether or not to contribute my sentiments. It seems that through these letters many young girls and young men have put their pride in their pockets, so to speak, and have written their innermost thoughts. It certainly thrills me to read some of these letters, as we seem to come into conversation with each other, to express our ideals and to find there are still some truly worth-while people in this world, which are so hard to come upon in the present age. Yes, they exist, but are so far apart we can hardly find them.

I am a young lady of twenty-seven, employed in an office, and have studied myself, taken account of my assets and liabilities and set my true valuation on myself from this study. I really am not ashamed to say I have never had a sweetheart, as I want a truly worth-while, real man as a life partner, and have not as yet met one to measure up.

I can almost hear the criticism of some of the boys as they read this; but they are not the real ones. I am not conceited, as I have had a mother who was just the reverse in our training. I am an excellent judge of character and you do not have to associate one, two or five years with a person to give him his rating. Just teach yourself observation. Read them while they talk, work or play. Jot them down in your mind.

I am cheerful, pleasant, well liked, but still at times one will get that lonesome, terrible feeling—lonesome for just one's mate. But it is only through sacrifice that we come to appreciate, and I know that some day soon I will meet some truly, big, worth-while man to love, one who will love me with a beautiful love, such as I want him to have, one whom I need and who will need me, that together we may fight the devil and work out our eternal salvation. For remember, comrades: Whatever is worth while is worth while waiting for, and through sacrifice God will hear our prayers, and we will win in the end, to go on our way with His blessing and grace to guide us.

A PERSEVERER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

To my way of thinking there is entirely too much talk of marriage by most of the young people who send in these letters. If they would consider the seriousness and importance of matrimony and make a thorough and careful study of all the responsibilities accompanying it, and get away from that old "I'd rather marry anybody than be an old maid" attitude, I think they would be better off.

There are entirely too many marriages at immature ages; namely, when in the throes of puppy love—the girl knowing little or nothing about housework, and the fellow hardly able to support himself. After the novelty of living in a flat for a month or two wears off, it's a case of "Mother-in-law, take us in," and the result is a sad ending. It is not only they who suffer, but everyone around. They cannot support their church properly or the missions or do anything for charity. In short, they get a grouch and make it unpleasant for everyone who comes in contact with them.

Now, then, if Almighty God does not bless you with married life, there is only one alternative, and that is to remain in the single state. There is room for everyone and likewise much work; namely, the uplift of society, and charity, and praying for the poor souls who need it so much. Forget to some extent at least about this life and think more of the life to come. Attend daily Mass, for instance. Try it, and you will see how easy it is. Give it a thorough trial—say, about two months—and later it will come just as natural as your breakfast.

Lest you might say the writer is a priest or an idler and has nothing to do, it happens to be quite the contrary. He has never missed one day's pay in seventeen years and has attended Mass daily for nine years. Also he plays baseball, bowls—in fact is interested in all sports and attends the shows regularly. So you can see for yourself that he is no mollycoddle.

Cincinnati, Ohio. V. F. G.

To the Editor:

Being a mother of a family of both boys and girls, I am interested in the subject of marriage, as most mothers are. It has always been a puzzle to me why a Catholic young man would keep company with a non-Catholic girl when he might be going with a good Catholic young lady. He certainly uses very poor judgment. What a risk he is running! It seems to me that many a young man of seventeen or eighteen starts out by saying to himself: "I will just go with a non-Catholic girl for a while. If I go with a Catholic, she might think I am obliged to marry her."

Now the average Catholic girl is broader minded than most young men give her credit for. How much better off a great many of our young men would

be if they would spend a few evenings a week in company with some good Catholic young people instead of spending their time in idle amusements. Try it for a month, young man, and see how much your manners and personal appearance will have improved.

I once knew a good old-fashioned mother who taught her children to pray daily for their vocation. All her children are a credit to the Church and to the community in which they live. In her old age she enjoys peace and the happiness of her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. A good wife or a good husband is surely worth praying for. My dear young boys and girls, confide in your father and mother. Certainly no one takes a greater interest in your welfare than they. No doubt your parents had similar troubles in their day; so their advice will be a great help to you.

A Catholic Mother.

Falls City, Neb.

P. S.—I think *The Queen's Work* one of the best magazines I ever read.

To the Editor:

I am a girl twenty-seven years old. I graduated from a Catholic academy when sixteen years of age, having pursued a classical course. Then I went to business college, and since finishing there I have been working. I like my work very much, but come in contact with only non-Catholic young men. I could have many engagements with them, but I always refuse, as I always told the Blessed Mother I would never marry a non-Catholic. I am afraid to keep company with one of them for fear I might become attached to him and might yield to temptation. I have prayed constantly to the Blessed Mother to please send me a good Catholic husband, and one who would be greatly devoted to her.

I never knew what it was to have a mother and father, for I was deprived of them when I was a baby, and I would love to have a home of my own, but I will stay single all my life rather than marry one who is not of my faith.

I am an officer in the Children of Mary sodality, and I am very faithful to the rules of the sodality, so I am living in hopes, for I know the Blessed Mother will not fail me.

AN IRISH CHILD OF MARY.

Troy, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Please allow me to express my heartfelt sympathy for the girl who signed herself as "An Irish Child of Mary." It was a letter that went right to the spot. To be without father and mother is hard indeed!

You dear child! Of course, you wouldn't marry one not of your faith. Even if you didn't tell that to Mary Queen of Heaven, you wouldn't do otherwise. You are genuine. Of that I am sure.

I understand how you must battle in life. I do; we all do. But you know that the devil isn't after bad people—he already has them. It's the good people he seeks. So pray, pray as you never prayed before and the Blessed Mother will never forsake her faithful ones. How could she?

You poor child! You are one in a thousand that would speak that way, and I admire you, and if your sunny disposition is the same as your speech, then I like you. Yours is that great big love that is true and can never kill. And the man that gets you is blest indeed. Here's hoping that he is as good as you. I wish you every joy.

A SON OF MARY.

Boston, Mass.

CHAPTER V

NEED OF PARISH CENTERS FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

To the Editor:

AT THE outset let me state that *The Queen's Work* contains more satisfying reading than any periodical I have yet come in contact with. And due credit must be given to the column containing the Letters on Marriage for making it interesting.

It seems to me that the average girl of today is so inured to the luxuries that the world has to offer, that she is apt to overlook the fact that sacrifice on both sides of a family is essential if there is to be accord and harmony.

When I was a wee lad I can remember that my mother had a hard time stretching the scant wages that the times afforded men of dad's profession, so as to keep us all trim and neat. And many times she herself did without that we might have some luxury or pleasure. And it was necessary that dad himself keep eternally at it if the wheels were to be kept turning.

In spite of the comparative poverty of those years ours was a home of peace and contentment, and during all that time I can't remember that my parents ever had a quarrel; nor did I ever hear either of them complain of the other.

It is a laudable ambition for any girl to try to ease the load from her father's shoulders as soon as

she is able to get to work. But it also affords her an independence and an opportunity of providing herself with further luxury, especially if she is living at home; and because of these things she places too high a value upon this so-called independence when weighed against the meagre possibilities of the average young man's salary.

My theory is this, that the privations and troubles and mutual sacrifices that our fathers and mothers experienced in their younger days were the means of cementing more firmly their regard for each other, and were, with their superb faith in the Almighty, the rock on which their present success and happiness and satisfaction were founded. And if I could find a girl like mother . . . !

Far be it from my intention to subject the One that I idolize to any privation. I think it is the dream of every red-blooded young man to lay at "Her" feet everything that the world can afford for her comfort and pleasure. But that's only a dream, a glorified creation of the mind, which at best can be realized only after years of scheming and planning and building. Therefore is it fair to expect any young man who must make his own way to furnish what it took the parents years to provide, or to furnish even better? For is it not a fact that the younger generation demand and get more than our parents even in proportion to the change in the times? Why should they expect more of us today than mother expected of dad years ago?

My conclusion is this, that the apparent creature comforts and pleasures are the means of making the present-day girl overlook the reasons for her dad's success, and it seems to me that if she were sufficiently covetous of the happiness our parents possessed, she would look farther and find the grist of which it was made.

One other factor that has a great bearing on the same problem is the apparent inability of young people to meet and deal with each other without restraint. When a person appeals to them they feel, in order to be as attractive as possible, that more or less camouflage is necessary to add a glamour and appeal. As a logical consequence, if they become seriously interested in each other, they must keep up the little game or admit that they were sailing under false colors. If they marry, neither really knows the other for what he or she is, and because of their inability to live up to their self-made standards much misunderstanding and unhappiness may arise.

No man of the right sort is going to deliberately misconstrue anything that a girl says, and in trying to impress a man with this "bunk" she either gains his contempt if he sees through it, or causes herself much uneasiness later on.

One difficulty in young Catholic people getting together lies in their inability to meet on a common ground. Here in St. Paul two different parishes have organized clubs to cope with this problem, and for social intercourse alone. From the start our affairs have been successes—not necessarily from a matrimonial standpoint, as they haven't been in operation long enough to have achieved any definite result in that direction, but in the matter of getting the young people of the parish together. There are many in the parish who come from other localities and have no homes here, and it affords them a chance of meeting with the right kind of people and making the right kind of friends.

The expense of an orchestra for dancing is taken care of by a very nominal entrance fee, and the girls contribute some delicacy to the "big feed" that takes place at each party. Some special feature is inaugurated at each party to make it more interesting,

and it is sufficient to state that at our last party the spacious school auditorium was taxed to the limit.

These observations have been gleaned during my twenty-some years of existence, and if they should attract unfavorable comment, remember that they are not certified correct, and that I am only one of the many seekers after light.

Very respectfully,

St. Paul, Minn. A K. OF C.

To the Editor:

Some pious soul has sent me several copies of *The Queen's Work* with Letters on Marriage underscored. I am very thankful for these and find them interesting. I am going to offer a suggestion which may prove somewhat practical.

In Columbia, at the state school, we had a Glennon Club, named after His Grace of St. Louis. This club was composed of Catholic women and men attending the university. The purpose was to form more acquaintances among Catholics, discuss problems of religion, educate ourselves along Catholic lines, and furnish entertainment amongst ourselves.

We had a meeting every second Sunday afternoon. This consisted of a literary program. We kept away from dogma and dug up something of real interest, like the history of the Orthodox Church, the theory of evolution, Protestantism, and such subjects, of which the average Catholic has some idea but which he does not understand as he should. One member would prepare a topic which he would read or, better, talk about. This would be followed by a regular discussion, which proved very interesting and often provoked a great deal of fun.

We had several dances during the year, for which the boys entered into a gentleman's agreement to take the women of our club, and all were provided for.

These were chaperoned and made exclusive for our own. This plan would prove highly beneficial in doing away with the public dances and their dangers. I believe there are a great many good fellows among our Catholic young men who would gladly accept this so-called gentleman's agreement.

Dances were not our only entertainment. We gave picnics, hay rides and other social functions. These were all well attended and everyone had a real good time.

I have given a rather condensed outline of the club. There seems to be a crying need among our Catholic young people for this sort of a thing. Why not establish such a club in each parish? The young women will do as much for its success as the men. Have them hold office, help in getting up entertainments. Call on them for a discussion. I believe that in this way you will find out what a good fellow your Catholic neighbor is. The trouble is you see him or her most probably only once a week, and that ends it.

Don't wait for your pastor to start something. He has plenty to do without running a matrimonial bureau and getting you acquainted with each other. I believe that both sides are to blame. Words have little effect unless we take some action. Action is what we need and need badly. Mr. Editor, I suggest you use the columns in your paper for the purpose of campaigning for this suggestion rather than having two sides scolding each other for their predicament.

Let me tell of the Glennon Club's success in Columbia. In 1914 we wanted a home—nearly every one of us trying to make ends meet and get through school. We talked of a Catholic home for students at the club. Several of the young men began living at a house which we rented. We saw the urgent need of something, as a large percentage were losing their faith. We asked the local council of the Knights of

Columbus for $25,000. They said we were foolish—just a few overenthusiastic new members. They said the Knights were a good work-horse but overworked. Two members of our club were sent to St. Louis and secured a thousand dollars from the Archbishop and also did very well at Kansas City and St. Joseph. Then we sent the best man we knew to the Knights' convention at Marionville. What he told them I don't know; but it must have been terrible, because the Knights put up a hundred-thousand-dollar home in Columbia—just four times what we asked for. The Glennon Club started this.

There have been other benefits. There have been several happy Catholic marriages that I know of between members of this club; and we vouch that each member has learnt more about his Catholic neighbor and thinks much of every Catholic.

H. J.

Neosho, Mo.

To the Editor:

In my estimation, the Letters on Marriage form one of the most interesting departments of your excellent magazine. We Canadians are just as vitally interested as you Americans in the practical solution of the Catholic marriage problem.

Becky seems to be well posted on the attitude of some boys toward girls and marriage. On this side of the Great Lakes, and particularly in this city certain Catholic youths seem to have the idea that it is perfectly all right to spend their hard-earned (?) money on themselves in poker games and the like, but if one of their friends happens to ask a girl out now and then, mostly then, he is a fish.

In our parish, which is one of the largest in the city, we have an organization which looks after the literary and athletic needs of all the married and single men over sixteen years of age. In addition a

social club was formed for the young people of the parish. In this way the boys and girls get together in the parish hall for a social evening. Of late it is surprising what interest the girl members have suddenly shown in baseball and other pastimes of the men's club. More than one member of the mixed organization can point to the beginning of a friendship through the medium of debate or dramatic sketch put on by the social club.

Notwithstanding these activities, however, a certain percentage of young men—and young women, too, for that matter—when they attend a dance or other entertainment have almost ignored those with whom they attended school. The stranger or the newest girl or boy in the parish seems to monopolize their attention.

As Father Scott says in one of his books, "A pretty face is a good thing, but that is not enough." He stresses the disposition of the girl, and rightly so. I may as well admit right here, however, that my ideal of a Catholic girl is a combination of the two. No doubt this statement will start something.

JUANITO.

Toronto, Ont.

To the Editor:

As an interested reader of the Letters on Marriage in *The Queen's Work* I would like to contribute the opinions of a bachelor of fifty in the hope that it may help others to find the way to happiness.

In the first place I am not a bachelor by choice. I have always adored and respected womanhood. No pedestal was too high for her, for in my opinion she is the most beautiful work of God's creation.

But like many a young man who is afraid to undertake matrimony because he does not feel financially secure, I went through life waiting for that day when I should have acquired the wealth that would enable me to ask some girl to share my life, only to find that

when I had acquired it I had wandered through the garden of roses and left the joys of youth and love behind me.

Now I realize my mistake, for I have learned from experience that money does not purchase happiness, and that I might have married some of the nice girls of my time and been happy, for I have weathered every storm.

There has been a lot of criticism from both sides as to what is the matter with our young ladies and young men and why so many are marrying outside the Church. Much of this criticism has been good but no one seems to have offered any solution to remedy the state of affairs.

In some instances the priests have taken it on themselves to get up parish parties with the purpose of getting the young people together. This is all very well, but it does not serve the purpose as it should. For people should not narrow themselves down to the parish idea and marry someone just because there is no one else to pick.

Marriage should be founded on love, love that is pure and holy, and not on the so-called love of some of the marriages we see in the present day where John marries to retrieve the family fortune and Lolita must marry the man mamma has picked for her, even though she passes up a good healthy man and perhaps sacrifices her children's future. Mamma must hobnob in society. Take a tip from me, girls—there is no happiness in this world without purity and health; and where they exist love is sure to be found. I mention these because I believe health is more of an asset to the man you are going to marry than money is, and as for purity no Catholic girl should tolerate a man who believes in the double standard.

LONELY BACHELOR.

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor:

I have to lie back and laugh when I think what a simple little thing will throw the monkey-wrench into the machinery. Were they—the writers of the Bach's and Michael's letters—simple, or were they deep, and did they know enough psychology to know that if they attacked our weakness we would at once get wrathy? Bach surely knew he'd start something when he suggested that there could be a talkative woman. But did they put the cap on? Hardly. They abused Bach for stating the obstacles that might stand before their goal. Can you imagine a man so simple that he'd offer the next-to-the-best everyday name on earth as an excuse for the girls' not stepping on each other's heels in line to get to him. But see the replies he aroused.

One reason for writing this letter is to give you the solution to the difficulty of finding the right one, if you insist, as you should, that the couple be of like faith. I've found it, and it's very simple. Of course you don't have to use your first name at first. Get acquainted till they love you and always pass as Mr. So-and-so, and then break the terrible news and tell them it's Michael or Phyllis. Oh, the solution? Here it is: Go where you will find them, at church, and if you have a voice join the choir, go to socials, bazaars, suppers, every church affair. Join the K. C., D. of A., C. O. F. They have social doings and the secretary will make you acquainted with such nice people that you will wonder how you got in. The biggest aid is to get acquainted with the parish priest; be seen with him, get chummy, and they will all be asking about you.

I'll give you an experience of mine at a bazaar. I was around with the most lovable Irish priest, stopped at all the booths, was introduced to the fair ones. At last we came to the refreshment booth. While drink-

ing pop, Father was attracted elsewhere, and a bewitching young thing in a booth asked if I was going to stay to dance and if I danced. She could dance, and of course I might enjoy staying. This lady is one of the most popular in that city and an officer in most of the women's clubs, and through her I received invitations to every social affair and met countless nice people. I questioned her, saying I was a stranger unknown to her. Knowing of no credentials or recommendations that I might have, how could she receive me so unreservedly? She replied, "Seeing you with Father and observing his friendliness toward you was all the recommendation I needed."

Now the second reason I wrote this is to start a controversy, because Bach and Michael have proved that it only takes a new idea to start one.

ME.

Hibbing, Minn.

To the Editor:

It is with great enthusiasm that I follow every line of *The Queen's Work* each issue. As regards the Letters on Marriage, I think nothing could be more wholesome or timely. Marriage is too important and far-reaching an undertaking to enter upon without any knowledge or preparation, and too sacred to be discussed with everybody or everywhere. A magazine like *The Queen's Work* is the best place for such discussion, and the way it is done is the best way of doing it.

To my idea, all the boys and girls together make up the most reliable oracle in such a matter; much more so than a paid editor of a Question Box, Heartitorium or Letters to the Lovelorn. To attribute all knowledge and wisdom in such a complicated and tangled up affair to one person is folly at the best. On the

other hand, all of us, serious and intelligent boys and girls, would like to make the very best of marriage by avoiding the mistakes and illusions of the married people whom we have observed, and those of our own parents, too.

There are, as a matter of fact, a good many bachelors just like myself, who are only too eager to "swap" their bachelorship for a happy home, but they would not "swap" it for anything else but that. Getting married would not be very difficult if one did not care about being happy afterwards, or, as some call it, "being mated right."

I am somewhat astonished at the ideas expressed in the Letters on Marriage. So far they can all be summarized in two chief complaints. One is the difficulty of meeting and attracting eligible members of the opposite sex, and the other is that both boys and girls imagine that the opposite sex has "gone to the dogs," that they are not what they used to be. The same ideas used to haunt my mind until I had opportunity and ability to observe and experience. Now it seems to me that we are rather meeting too many of the opposite sex, and our meetings are often too long and frequent, while many of us remain strangers to ourselves our life long. As to the second complaint, I would not like to tell anybody as a truth whether the world is better or worse than it was at the time of the Deluge, or Exodus or Attila, because I do not know; but I can tell you for certain that most of us are just the way our parents and teachers trained us. To comfort the one who thinks himself better, let me advise that the privilege of giving a noble example—that most wonderful sermon ever preached—still exists and is gratis for everyone.

To come back to the former idea about meeting a mate. Just imagine the trouble some of us go

through! We go to church and socials, dances, parties and lodges in pursuit of mates, and try to capture their attention in every way, by being natural and by being affected; by saving money and by squandering it; by talking and by keeping silence; by being soft and by playing the cave man. We have expert barbers and clothiers fix us up for the occasion; some of us study books on love, lucky stars and marriage; sometimes we even turn in despair to gypsy fortune tellers for a definite opinion. At the same time we keep on going from failure to failure, and often make fools of ourselves.

Once in a while we make a "hit," but it is too ridiculous to be considered, or else we see it was a mistake and break off again. We watch those who we think succeeded and imitate them, but with the same absence of success. It never enters our mind that we are anything but accomplished persons with principle, ambition and a bright future and therefore worthy only of the best mate.

Those of us who learned to know some or probably many good women, and hence still believe that there are yet some good girls left within our reach, are simply puzzled as to their hiding place and as to the way of approaching and attracting them. Putting the blame on them for not knowing what they are missing is of no particular advantage to either party, for good girls are getting married to good men every day, whilst we are only jealous lookers-on. But, then, what is wrong with our way of speculating? Let us see. Are good girls going to church to pick out their fellows? Do good girls allow themselves to become intimate with strangers at dances and public amusements? Does a good girl ever accept an invitation or a date for the mere asking? Are we honest and sincere with them always? Are we frank and truthful

with ourselves? Are we really as good as we would like to be considered? Are we reasonably sure as to our ability of fulfilling the responsibilities of a family father? Do we always examine the nature and motive of our love? And what else besides love have we to show?

There are, I think, many good young ladies, but they are not willing to get a man at any price. They go to church and church affairs for the sake of doing their Christian duty. They do keep in mind that public amusements are a good thing, but also a menace and often exploited for unholy purposes. Good and intelligent girls are gifted with enough insight to see through all false show and pretension and to readily discover the real man hid behind it. A girl may overlook many faults and shortcomings, but she will spurn love and affection when they are cloaked with falsehood.

As to love, just love alone is a poor ideal, and will not stand firm against hardship and trial if not supported by other great virtues. Love which is not built on the rock of unselfishness and purity is a mere synonym for maudlin sentimentality, and so closely allied to vice as to make it difficult to tell where the one stops and the other begins. We should not blame a girl for not being satisfied with hugs and kisses and a volley of sentimental slush, for this only leads to illusion and loss of mutual respect. What a real girl wants is a hero and nothing else. That means a man who at least is master of himself.

Many a young man could save himself much time and heartache if he did not try to capture a mate with the lasso of his tongue and pretensions, but left it to the magnet of his heart and soul to attract her. Of course he has to see to it that the magnet be not too weak for the kind he wants. The magnetic powers are only his manly virtues.

If we had enough honesty we could point our fingers at the cause of our failures—ignorance and neglect of ourselves. We should soon see the Gordian knot loosened and the puzzle about choosing a mate solved; we would no longer seek a mate by chasing after the girls and neglecting ourselves.

To be mated right in holy and congenial wedlock is indeed the greatest earthly bliss and the straight road to heaven. But happiness does not come to us by hunting for it on the broad and public boulevards of life. It always was and will forever be meted out as a reward for virtue. Fellow bachelors: If you care to make with me the first big step toward contentment, peace and happiness, make up your mind to scrutinize your conscience sincerely and with the intention of discovering at least your main faults, vices or weaknesses, and to dust off your brain all morbid and deceitful imagination, vicious thoughts and desires, so that at last you will arrive at a true estimate of your own ignorance. Doing this, you will find before you that great and long-neglected task of making yourselves worthy of your ideal. Then you will still go to church and support the church as you always did, but to your better advantage. You may still go to public amusements—probably not so often—and this, too, to your own advantage and that of others, for it will only be to make the crowd happy and not for some selfish purpose. You will save more money and increase your knowledge and ability; you will take better care of your health by getting more peaceful sleep; you will spend more time to correcting yourself than in judging and condemning others. Doing this you will never be to blame for an unhappy family, and you will not have much trouble in getting mated right.

In conclusion I would like to beg pardon of the kind Editor and every patient reader for the lengthi-

ness and every other shortcoming of this letter. In writing it and submitting it to your kind consideration I had no other object in view than to bestow upon one or another unknown friend of mine, if possible, the same contentment and inner peace that I have derived from these ideas.

J. C. F., A Bachelor of 27.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

CHAPTER VI

VIEWS ON MIXED MARRIAGES

To the Editor:

FIRST of all I wish to say for *The Queen's Work* that it is one of the finest Catholic magazines I have ever read. Literature is one thing that goes to make or destroy the mind of the individual. How many of us occasionally read a thrilling story, in a popular magazine, where religion is a matter of little importance, and after reading it we feel as though we had been in a severe storm! Now, after reading *The Queen's Work* one's mind is refreshed.

One of the articles which I have read with interest is More Letters on Marriage. I should like to give my views on this subject, which is a most important one. I think any Catholic young man or lady who marries outside of the Church is giving a direct slap at the Catholic Church. The letters in both the June and July numbers I have read, and they are all interesting; but I say that it is not the girl's own fault if she doesn't get married to a Catholic young man. In the first place, the young man should make the advances. One trouble with the Catholic young man is that he hates to get turned down, and especially by a Catholic girl. If one Catholic girl turns him down he is through with all the rest of them for life.

One thing of course which is the main drawback is want of sociability between Catholic young men and women. They don't mingle. And another trouble is

that each one expects too much of the other. He or she has to be almost perfect. If a Catholic young man gets into a scrape of some kind people will hold up their hands in horror and say: "And just think! he is a Catholic," and start immediately to knock the Church; as though Catholics were not human beings. It is the same with Catholic young ladies. Catholic men think Catholic ladies have to be perfect; and vice versa. Of course these days every one should get all the education he can. He needs it, or is passed up by the business world. The Catholic young man with a good education is better off than one without, even though the latter has money in the bank. There are a great many Catholic girls in the world today who are waiting for some nice Catholic young man, but if the Catholic young man is waiting for some Catholic young lady to single him out for a life partner, then he is going to have some wait. Leap Year was only put on the calendar for a fad anyway.

A Catholic Lady Bookkeeper.

To the Editor:

I am just another of the thousands of young women that are daily turning the problem of mixed marriages over in their minds, and am wondering how it shall ever be solved. I am a good, practical Catholic and try to live up to all the Church teaches, although I have never had the privilege of attending a Catholic school. The only English-speaking Catholic school in our city was built after I had passed the eighth grade and had quit to go to work; and that is no short time ago.

I have met many nice non-Catholic young men, but somehow it seems that it's never my luck to meet any desirable young Catholic men. However, at one time I did meet a Catholic boy and went with him for almost a year, trying to learn to like him just because

he was a Catholic. But it didn't work. I felt I was doing more harm than good, as I was gradually getting to dislike him. A number of years have passed over my head since then, but no nice Catholic young man has crossed my path.

I am getting well on in years and feel that there isn't much time left to sit and wait for the nice, good Catholic young man to make his appearance and also to ask me to share a home with him. I am a home-loving person and have always desired a nice little home to call my own. Just lately this has all been offered me by a nice, good, respectful non-Catholic, who claims no special creed and promises not to interfere with mine. Now I should like to know if a Catholic girl is expected to turn such a person down and wait indefinitely for the Catholic young man who might and who might never make his appearance, and leave you, as many another has been left, "sitting on the shelf."

It may be that I don't go to the right places to meet these desirable young men. But just where, may I ask, are the right places? I don't go to dances, and have no desire to play cards; so, of course, I don't go to church card parties. I might also go so far as to say that I don't believe the most desirable are to be found in the dance halls, although I know a lot of the younger girls who meet boys of our faith there, and many of them. I am not condemning the dance halls, however. Neither am I an old fogy. I am jolly, and like a good time as well as any girl.

I enjoyed Mary's letter in last month's issue. She brought out many facts that I am unable to; and I agree with them, every one. If the persons who are continually preaching about the folly of mixed marriages would make it possible for Catholic young men and women to get acquainted, they would be doing a whole lot more good. Don't you think that if a

Catholic girl marries a good, respectful non-Catholic boy and by her good example in time brings him to the faith, she is really gaining more for her soul than in marrying one already of her faith? Of course, it's folly, I suppose, for girls to think they can convert their husbands. But in many cases they have unconsciously done so by their good example.

There is one other thing I should like to speak of while I am on this subject, and it is this: There are many lovely, good Catholic girls battling the world with no homes to bring a nice young man to. Many are rooming out, and those boarding and rooming in private families have not always the privilege of entertaining their company. Every nice young man wants to be entertained at the girl's home once in a while. I have known girls to discourage young men just because they had no way of entertaining them the way they thought proper.

ONE WHO IS INTERESTED.

To the Editor:

Were I permitted to join in the discussion going on under the heading Letters on Marriage, I would say it is a pity our girls do not set more value upon being just what they are. Doesn't virginity mean as much today as it did in the early days of the Church? Surely, no Catholic girl *must* marry; and for one to say, "No one is going to call me an old maid; if I don't get a Catholic husband, why, I'll just take one that isn't Catholic—they are all the same," is very much as if a white girl would say, "Well, if I don't get a white man pretty soon, I'm going to take a colored one. I'll show 'em. What's the difference anyway?" Unless the eyes of faith are badly in need of spectacles, the mixed marriage is no less disgusting than the black-and-white combination.

Though his piety be a very violet of the wood, a

Catholic looking forward to marriage sees something of those places left vacant by the rebel angels, and when a girl weds a Catholic in the Catholic way, he may, after the honeymoon, sit barefooted on the front porch just to humiliate her, pay left-handed compliments to her relatives, or even present her occasionally with a black eye, but he will nevertheless respect her as no mere "meal ticket" will or can. The "meal ticket" or non-Catholic doesn't understand the Catholic girl; he doesn't think it worth while to try to understand her. It is enough that she amuses him, as he would be amused by a lad with long curls and a vivid belief in Santa Claus; and if he decides to buy her a wedding ring, it is quite likely because she is such an "amoosin' lil' cuss," so nice and shiny, too. He likes them nice and shiny and will have them that way even if he has to get a new one every year or two.

As for marrying a man to convert him—hee-haw, Maud! If marriage precedes conversion, he may not remain married long enough to practice all you have preached; he may not forget either that as a first lesson you taught him disobedience to the laws of the Church.

Many of our boys have a touch-not-my-pedestal manner that is very trying to the girls who aren't able to figure them out, but reading the first pages of "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington, is very helpful. Willie Baxter is not always seventeen, either. Sometimes he is old enough to vote, and then some. Though the incivility of some Catholics should afflict us, we would only add to the pain by becoming enamored of those "perfect gentlemen," our pagan brethren, who have little between them and the cave but their tonsorial and sartorial embellishments. Even were their intentions always kind, they are unable to speak of those things nearest and dearest to our hearts without being offensive; and in their company we must

lose one of two things—our amiable expression or our backbone.

As for Catholic sociability, we must wait awhile. Just now we are wearing new shoes, the floor is slippery, and our dignity, our dear dignity, must not be jeopardized. I can think of nothing that would make the world safe for sociability—really safe, you know—unless it would be the wearing of our bankbooks spread on our hats. Then, naturally, study clubs would be formed and much good might result, because to love we must know, to know we must do some studying. But, as it is now, her mother is afraid that in spite of all those music lessons and gymnastics in the school of expression daughter will lose her grip and slip back into a pick-and-shovel tribe; and his mother trembles lest he be snatched away, college degree and all, by a person that actually works.

Yes, we must see that balance is kept. So there must be lifelong vigilance and discomfort, else we may live to bewail the casting of our doctor, teacher, nurse, cousin-the-councilman, our car, our maid, and our house on the boulevard with hot and cold water and two kinds of soap, into the scale with a few indescribables from somewhere below the tracks, with nothing on earth but their good appetites and their sparrowlike audacity. With care, even if the worst should come to the worst, and Sonny, stepping around the corner some evening, takes unto himself a pawnbroker's niece, or Daughter dear begins to wear the name of a charming gentleman, a prominent business man who is never behind with his alimony payments, there is still a veil of mystery and an odor of greenbacks that is very genteel and consoling. At least we shall be spared the tragedy of unscented and plainly visible low connections.

Seriously, I think none of us will live to enjoy Catholic sociability. But even so, let us "stick to

the ship," and never say "Any port in a storm." Our ancestors didn't get patted on the back every minute, either, but they could starve to death within smelling distance of the soup pots of Satan. Why should we be roped and branded in consideration of a few lumps of ice cream and candy and some of those beautiful modulated sweet nothings?

Let us keep away from the matrimonial bargain counters, and not mistake for happiness that trampling, clawing delirium of purchase and exchange in progress there. If we haven't everything there is, we have liberty; and you know what Patrick Henry said. SOLD may be a desirable inscription, but even at the risk of no sale let us continue to be worthy of our tag, and cost what we are worth. Who wants to be marked "one-half off"? Not

CLEVELANDER.

Cleveland, O.

To the Editor:

Letters on Marriage grow more interesting each month. The letter from "One Who is Interested," appeals to me, for I am afraid she is too much interested in gaining souls if she is contemplating a mixed marriage. I wonder if she has considered the children of a marriage of that kind.

I am a Catholic girl, the tenth child of a mixed marriage. My mother was an Irish Catholic; my father, "a good, respectful man," without religious convictions. Yes, my mother was the means of converting him, and he became a Catholic during his last illness. Nine of the children are grown now, and six are married. One was married at a nuptial mass, another one at the priest's house, and four married without a priest. Out of five boys there is not one practical Catholic today. You can see that "no religious convictions" in one parent soon becomes a

family trait and consequently a source of unhappiness to those members who love the Faith. If we consider the following generations, the third or fourth finds practically the entire family lost to the Church.

Don't worry too much, girls, about the luck of meeting a Catholic young man. Providence, as a rule, takes care of that, and he is certainly worth waiting for.

A Catholic home must be a wonderful place! But what is a home where religion is a back number with some members and the very breath of life to others? By sad experience I know it to be a very unhappy one. A Catholic wife certainly should never deny her children the greatest joy of their lives, one which they can always remember with grateful hearts—their Catholic home life with father and mother.

And one thing more, girls: Don't you think that a Catholic girl who thinks so little of the nuptial mass and blessing as to forego it entirely for a non-Catholic young man, stands a pretty poor chance of converting him? Indeed, it seems to me she has given him his first lesson in disrespect and disregard for that faith to which she hopes to turn him. And as a rule these husbands remember their importance; and the religion which came second to her will scarcely ever resume its proper place, which is *first* in every happy Christian home.

Yours for "Catholic Marriages Only,"

A Lover of The Queen's Work.

Toledo, Ohio.

To the Editor:

I am a regular subscriber to *The Queen's Work,* and have been reading with interest for some time the Letters on Marriage printed therein. Now I have just finished reading the letter by the person who signs herself as "One Who is Interested," and thor-

oughly agree with her point of view and also her sentiments on marriage.

Just like thousands of other stenographers the world over, I am turning the same question over in my mind as to whether or not it is better to turn down every invitation given you by non-Catholic men for fear something serious might terminate, or to wait for the good Catholic young man who never comes into your life, or at least never comes until it is too late.

I am a stenographer in a law office in this city, and have had ample opportunity to see the havoc that mixed marriages are playing. Therefore I realize thoroughly the necessity of meeting and also marrying a good, practical Catholic young man. But as said in a previous issue of this magazine, where is one going to meet that sort of person? They seem almost as extinct as the good old horse of days gone by, that used to serve us and now is no more.

Just recently I sat through a very good sermon by a missionary priest, calling the attention of the young people of a local parish to the fact that there were altogether too many young Catholic men and women marrying persons of the opposite faith. What are we going to do? It is all very well for the priests and nuns to hold before their charges the evils of a mixed marriage, but they do not give us any plans for meeting the sort of Catholic that every decent, respectable girl most assuredly wants. Just as the girl who signs herself "One Who is Interested" says, the young men of the parishes almost always, with very few exceptions, bring to any little gatherings that the church might arrange, non-Catholic girls, and entirely ignore the girls with whom perhaps they have gone to school several years of their life. It seems strange, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the average young man of today—Catholic or non-Catholic—does not want the

girl who is not a walking advertisement for the best grade of rouge, nor the girl who doesn't appear to be the latest exponent of fashion in dress—or rather non-dress, which, sad as it is, seems to be the case nowadays.

The trouble, as far as I am able to see, lies with the men themselves, and not with the girls. Any decent girl would be glad to accept an invitation to go out with a good Catholic fellow; but the men don't seem to want to ask the girls. The farthest a girl seems to get with a young man—I mean, of course, a girl who is not powdered and rouged within an inch of her life—is to be taken home from church some night, because, perhaps, the fellow can't avoid it. He never, or very seldom, asks her to go out for an evening of entertainment with him, because—and this is the only conclusion that I seem to be able to arrive at—he is afraid that he might have to keep on going with her. And of course he does not want that sort of a girl; he wants the baby-doll type, with nothing in her head and very little more on her body.

As far as I am personally concerned, I have kept company with three or four non-Catholic gentlemen; but I always treated them very indifferently, lest perhaps they might take me seriously. Therefore I have succeeded in dropping gradually all the aforesaid non-Catholic gentlemen, and at the present time I am going out with a Catholic. But, I'm sorry to say, unless you give these young Lochinvars three or four evenings of your time each week they don't seem to want to bother to take you out occasionally; and who wants to be bothered every other night with someone of the other sex for two or three hours, when one might be improving one's mind with some good book, or perhaps improving one's shoes with some good shoe polish so as to look respectable for the next day's work?

So what in the name of goodness are we common-sensed girls with as much on our backs as we have in our heads—which, in some instances, is quite a little —going to do?

I would like to see an answer to my letter in the next issue of the magazine.

PATTY.

St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editor:

I am another who is an interested reader of Letters on Marriage in the great little magazine *The Queen's Work*, in which a number of girls and boys are trying to solve how Catholic marriageable young ladies and young men are to meet.

Well, to start with, I am a young man and a good Catholic and have good habits. I heartily agree with Mary and one who signs herself Stenographer and another who signs herself One Who is Also Willing. They have the dope all right. And they surely don't mind being frank; but it pays. If one stands back and doesn't say anything he will never get a thing. You have to speak up these days.

I am speaking of a little experience in the parish where I belong. They are very unsociable or backward—I don't know which you would call it—maybe both. Sometimes they might speak or wake up; but this only happens if you bump into them by accident. I guess they want a personal introduction. But I think and I hope that the rest of *The Queen's Work* readers on marriage will agree with me that all, both young and old men and women of the same parish, should be more sociable and friendly. I can't understand why they are so distant when we are all good Catholics and all pulling in the same boat together for the same place with the only Church and true faith to show us the way.

I would suggest that all parishes have community centers or social centers where the young ladies and young men could have their own clubs to meet and have parties, dances, or whatever social affairs they would like to have. In this way all the Catholic young marriageable girls and boys would know each other, and they would feel better and not be wondering whether he or she was a Catholic or not, or a good one, or something else. I know how it is. I often wonder, when I am associating with different girls or boys, what kind they are. Are they fit for me to associate with or talk to? It is a pity that so many young Catholic girls have to sit at home and hold their horses for Mr. Right to come along because there is no place to go to meet the sort of young man they would like to have for a life partner.

Why then do the priests and missionaries always talk about mixed marriages and tell you to marry a Catholic young girl or Catholic young man? I tell you there are lots of marriageable young ladies and marriageable young men who are devoted Catholics and are waiting to become acquainted with one another, and want their marriages blessed by the Catholic Church. But how are these marriageable young people to meet? That is the question to be solved by the ones that do all the talking and not enough acting.

Girls of today—I mean most of them—are not like the girls of yesteryears. They are not a thrifty kind like those in our mothers' and fathers' time. They expect too much of the man who is striving hard to make both ends meet. They are not like those of the olden days who came forward and helped their husband with half of his burden and helped him on to success. The Catholic young man of today wants a girl for a wife who is a good Catholic and who will be a helpmate to him to succeed progressively. He doesn't

want one who puts all she earns on her back and thinks of nothing but dress and a good time.

I tell you, all you young girls and young boys, these are the times to be thrifty, to stick together and save if you trust in God to meet a good Catholic girl or good Catholic young man—the kind of father's and mother's time.

A READER OF THE QUEEN'S WORK.

To the Editor:

Perhaps a few lines from a Bostonian to your interesting department Letters on Marriage might not go amiss.

Although I am still in my early twenties I have seen quite a bit of life, having traveled all over this great republic of ours with my uncle who is the manager of a major league ball club, and have hiked over a major portion of Europe with my other uncle, whose name is Sam.

This much I have seen; namely, that mixed marriages, instead of bring about the conversion of the non-Catholic, ninety-nine times out of a hundred bring about the perversion of the Catholic. The children are brought up Protestants or infidels, discord reigns in the home, and oftentimes the non-Catholic winds up by divorcing the Catholic, who cannot marry again until the other dies. Mind you, I am not saying that this is always the case, but almost always. There is an illustration of this right in my own family, and I only have to look next door to see a similar case.

Persecution will never hurt the Church; the blood of martyrs fructifies and strengthens her. The evil poison of one mixed marriage will do more harm than a dozen persecutions. Martyrs died by fire and sword, by rack and burning oil for that Church which Christ had founded Our forbears, many of them, braved

the perils of the unknown deeps in a little sailing vessel so that they might be able to worship God in freedom and pass on the precious heritage of Catholic faith to you and to me. And yet there are some Catholics who say they care more for non-Catholic individuals than they do for this great Church.

If you can't find the right kind of Catholic young man or woman, don't marry at all.

"Better with peaceful soul to die
Than live and traitor be."

EX-SERVICE.

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:

My entry into the marriage discussion which is taking place in *The Queen's Work*, almost exclusively by the gentle sex, is, I fear, a rather bold venture demanding both an apology and an explanation by the intruder. It was by a mere chance that I came across *The Queen's Work*, and while fingering through its pages my attention was arrested by the heading Letters on Marriage, an ever profoundly absorbing topic to those of us who have not yet ventured into that uncertain and apparently black, fateful chasm of matrimony.

I read all the letters in that particular issue, then dutifully searched for the preceding numbers. Not until I had read those letters from the good girls of various parts of the country did I realize what a difficult time the gentle sex is actually having. No, it would never do for a girl to call on a boy and ask him for a date. She might get it—most probably would—but she would also be breaking the speed limit on the highway to notoriety. In the case of a boy, of course, it is entirely different. If he is turned down he may hop around madly for a time and threaten to spank the world, but after his pride has been suffi-

ciently healed he will bow his head in meekness and try again.

It appears to me that in these discussions, the girls, able representatives of their sex, are practically eliminating the young man and his side of the question. Why don't you girls challenge us in these columns to present our side of the case and demand an explanation of us concerning our behavior, if we are actually guilty on the whole of neglecting the Catholic girl in favor of the Protestant?

We have some exceptions, we must admit, but on the whole we are no worse than the girls of our faith. Pick up and read, if you please, the issue of this magazine containing the letter by the two Hamilton (Ohio) girls, who are unfortunately subject to the illusion that Protestant boys show more courtesy, "are more polite and more gallant than the Catholic ones." There you have it! And right among your own representatives!

But some of our Catholic boys, too, are afflicted with a similar mania in regard to the Catholic girl. Who has not heard it remarked by our youths that Protestant girls are more feminine, show better taste in dressing and are really more alive than our own Catholic girls?

Absurd, isn't it? In the superlative degree, I think. It is useless for me to say, since you all know, that the average Catholic is just as polite and gallant as the average Protestant. And the Catholic girl is just as beautiful, quite as alive and certainly just as pretty a dresser as her Protestant sister. And when it comes to powder and paint—if that is what the "more feminine" part implies—our Catholic girls are just as proficient and can use it with the same delicate, artistic effect that Protestants can.

In some respects, however, girls are more to blame than boys. Girls have by heritage a deeper insight

into human nature and generally understand man better than man understands himself. Then, too, boys, as you well know, are more bashful than girls. For these reasons it is up to the girls to encourage the man once they have formed an acquaintance with the right party. Take, for instance, the case of that poor, abused plumber man. Poor chap! I can just imagine him walking up the street, dirty, greasy, with a box of tools on his back, when—horror of horrors! —he spies a lady acquaintance coming in his direction on the same side of the street. He at once becomes self-conscious; thinks of his appearance, his trade; in short, he feels himself hopelessly outclassed by everybody. What does he do? Rolls a dime's worth of Granger Twist or Horse Shoe from one side of his jaw to the other, crosses the street in the middle of the block, and avoids the meeting.

Now, if the interested girl of such an acquaintance would lead her man to believe that his job is the only one in the world, that it is the only trade worth while, and finally convince him with kindly and loving arguments that no sane he-man ever thinks of going plumbin' in a silk shirt and stiff collar, we would certainly not have any more lady-shy plumbers. A boy cares nothing for all the world so long as the lady of his desire tells him that it is the only thing to do.

Now, in view of the above considerations, it is woman's duty, if she wants a husband, to study her prospective mate, encourage him, take an active interest in his duties, advise him in this, scold him for that, and leave the rest to take care of itself. Rest assured that it will not be long before the infatuated man will be taking measurements of a certain finger on the left hand—or is it the right? I am not sure—of the prettiest, sweetest and most adorable thing

alive; and eventually he will drag the poor, blushing lady before God's minister upon the altar, and into that uncertain and apparently black, fateful chasm of matrimony.

There remains, however, another problem to be solved. Many girls are finding difficulties in meeting the right sort of young man. Wherever there are girls there are also boys. To bring them together there must be social gatherings. Social activities belong to the parish and, with the pastor as moderator, they can be managed by the girls themselves. The boys will be there, never fear. That has been one great fault with us Catholics in the past—we have not coöperated properly. Our Catholic clubs and societies are, however, beginning to spread. Let's help them along.

But if some of us can't find the right kind of mate, if we are apparently doomed to lead a single life when we think that our true vocation is the married state, why worry and fret? What of it? And when you feel lonely and neglected—when you feel as if your life is being wasted—then read the following lines from Thomas Gray:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

And don't you think it is true? Don't you think that there are many, many others struggling in the same tide with you? Of course there are. You may consider yourself fortunate that your condition is no worse.

JACK.

Atchison, Kansas.

To the Editor:

I have been silently reading for some time the letters in *The Queen's Work* relative to that ever-perplexing problem of getting a husband or wife, as the case may be. But I can contain myself in peace no longer.

Of all these letters, I was particularly attracted to "Jack's" and I wish to take issue with him. It was such a manly letter—no harping, no exaggerated criticism, just a plain presentation of the masculine point of view. But it seems to me, Jack, that your interest is just a little detached. Since you insist that you are not married, I am inclined to think that you are hopelessly wedded to the single state.

Then too your letter, Jack, seems to me to lack the ring of experience. It is just a trifle theoretical; and while theory has its proper place, you must admit that "Facts is facts."

For instance I quote: "It is a woman's duty to study her prospective mate." Presupposing a whole lot, Jack! Just what we are complaining of is the dearth of prospects. But this thought seems to have occurred to you also, for you later remark, "Many girls have difficulty in meeting the right man." Ah, yes, Jack! We might almost say their name is legion.

After a few preliminaries you proceed to solve the whole distressing problem in a manner which out-classes the average movie thriller for action. Social activities managed by girls—boys come—fall in love—wedding bells—everybody happy. There, Jack, is where theory falls down in the face of cold facts. I would revise your little scenario to be more realistic: Social activities by girls—boys come—are well fed—depart—and the wedding bells, if they ring at all, ring nine times out of ten for non-Catholic girls.

I am speaking for conditions, as I see them in our

parish; but though circumstances may differ in other places, I believe conditions are very much the same everywhere.

We have in our parish a very active young ladies' Sodality. We have at various times during the year card parties, dances, and other forms of amusement. Do the boys come? Well, yes, two or three, or maybe five or six. Never enough to go around.

But even supposing the boys do come to our dances and parties, they come for the most part by themselves, and from week to week we see nothing more of them. They seem to consider their attendance at these affairs a disagreeable duty; else why are we not asked for other dates?

One hears so much of talk nowadays about the Modern Girl—that cold, mercenary, unfeminine creature—a being so different from her predecessors. The past few years has pushed this so-called modern girl into the working world, and though she may have lost thereby some of a certain type of femininity, she is on the whole better for the experience. Self-support may have made her a little more independent in thought and action than her mother was, but it has not changed her essentially. A few years of pulling against the current only serves to strengthen that womanly longing for a home and to make her feel even more keenly than her mother did the need of a partner in the battle of life.

But at the same time it has made her a little more choice in her selection of a mate. The knowledge that she can support herself has taken away the fear that if she doesn't marry she may be forced to spend her old age in the poorhouse or as the "old-maid aunt" in her brother's family. Her business training, which serves to make her a more efficient wife, has also made her a better judge of men. She has learned in the business world a few practical truths about life,

and she need not be termed mercenary if she refuses to enter a life contract with a man who has nothing and shows no disposition to better himself financially. She has learned from observation that, though love may be a splendid appetizer, it will never make the whole dinner.

But how about the Modern Boy? Does he look on life as his father did? Well, father started out life at the age of eighteen or thereabouts, by getting a "job." He wooed and won the girl of his heart and set about to make a home for her. It wasn't always easy; but then father wasn't brought up to think that the world was a toy revolving for his amusement. But the young man of today looks on his father's stooped shoulders, his wrinkled brow, his graying hair, and sees back of them years of toil and self-sacrifice, and, being young and human, he shrinks from it. So we find him squandering his money on poker games, buying silk shirts, and smoking high-priced cigarettes at the same age when his father was paying grocery bills and denying himself smokes to buy mother's birthday present. He fritters away the best years of his life in pleasures, selfish and often questionable. He plays at love with this girl or that. But for marriage he thinks himself too wise—that is, until the novelty of these pleasures has worn off and he feels the first premonition of his advancing years. Then he decides that marriage is indeed a splendid institution, and sets about to prepare for himself a resting place for his old age.

It is a popular fallacy that he then turns to the little girl who knelt so frequently by his side at the Holy Table in the days of his youth, and chooses her to be his bride. Well in the first place, it is ten to one that he has not been to the Holy Table for so long that he has forgotten all about her. And then, too, if she is a girl with any spunk at all, she would

not have him. Because she shirks the duties of matrimony? No, but because as a good, modest Catholic girl she has a right to demand that the man she marries be just as good, just as clean, just as thoroughly Catholic as herself.

Just one more word, Jack, to thank you for that closing paragraph, so rich in sympathy for those of us who seem doomed to "waste our sweetness on the desert air."

JILL.

Chillicothe, Mo.

To the Editor:

Your magazine open at the page entitled Letters on Marriage has just come to my attention, and someone's opinion on the following will be much appreciated.

It is true that most churches now have clubs which bring the younger set together socially, but what of the older ones, say thirty or more, who no longer care so much for the social activities of the younger ones? How are they to meet each other?

Here is my own case for an example. For a number of years I have worked far from the part of country in which I was raised, and a good deal of that time was spent in the society of non-Catholics, for the reason that, although I attended church regularly, I met very few Catholic young people of my own age.

When it comes to a question of marriage I find that my religion is too much a part of my life to allow me to be happy with anyone not of the same faith. But I also find that, more than any career, I want a nice little home and a nice Catholic husband. I am a good deal with a younger crowd who do not satisfy me. I like to dance and have good times, but I'm willing to give this up for one who is older and has other interests more worth while, with ideas of

his own—a tall man, not necessarily very rich nor very handsome nor anything unusual. But he must be a good Catholic and a nice clean-minded, manly sort of man. Is this asking too much? Surely there are a great many such men, and they can't all be married. But where am I to meet them? Not at dances, because if a man is past thirty and still spends many of his evenings that way, he isn't the right kind, and I wouldn't satisfy him either.

Yet, because I try to be a good Catholic and be true to the things I feel are right, must I give up my dream of making a home and someone happy, and spend my time at something for which I am not nearly so well fitted?

Will someone please express an opinion?

PUZZLED.

Minneapolis, Minn.

CHAPTER VII

HATS OFF TO THE COLLEGE MAN

To the Editor:

MAY a soon-to-be working man add his little scream to the general clamor excited by your Letters on Marriage? I confess to a fatal defect: I am a college man finishing my course, and with my life's work still ahead of me. Naturally, as graduation comes in June, I know pretty definitely what I have to do; and I have absolutely no illusions about the value of my sheepskin. I don't for a moment expect that the first employer that sees it will turn his desk over to me and start emptying wastepaper baskets. On the contrary, if I am to get anywhere in this world I look forward to somewhere between five to twenty years of hard, continuous work, and the beginning will be on a mighty slender weekly pay check. A fellow in my position has either of two alternatives: he can start off with some fairly well-paying position and absolutely no prospects in the world; or he can get into his working clothes and start where Jack Spurlock started, at the bottom of the ladder. And the bottom of the ladder is where I intend to begin.

What has all this to do with marriage? Plenty, believe me. I finish college at the age of twenty-one; and as the spring and graduation approaches, my thoughts not lightly but all too heavily turn to love. Shall I get married at once or wait for a while? The answer to that is: Shall I start to climb a ladder

carrying one hundred and ten pounds of inefficiency or with free arms and unbent back?

I can hear the girls shouting "Selfish cad!" but I say it unblushingly. I've been around considerably, and I intend to keep it up; but in all my journeyings and toddlings I've not met a single girl who would be willing to start life on what I expect to make for the next five years of my life. What's more, she couldn't if she would. Not she. I feel sure enough of myself to count on my ultimate success, but if I went to any young woman I know today and said: "Will you be willing to marry me, knowing that I have only my energy and grey-matter to pull us through the first ten years of married life?" she would be sweet and kind, but definitely negative. She wants someone who has arrived, not someone who has to count on her help to pull him through the hardest years of his life. She wants clothes and society and her own car and a maid from the start; whereas I am confident I'll be able to give them and more to her after ten years, and am willing to wait that long myself, she would greet the idea with a disappointed protest.

She doesn't know how to cook and she has not the slightest desire to learn; she never in all her life made a dress for herself; she expects to start with an efficiency apartment at something more than what I expect to get for my entire first month's salary. She is pretty and decorative and entertaining; she dances like an angel and can talk on anything from the latest movie to the ultimate causes of social unrest. I like her immensely, and I intend to see just as much of her as my personal income and my personal ambition will allow. But marry her? Not until I am perfectly sure that she can remain pretty and decorative and entertaining. I wouldn't trust her temper over a cook-stove any more than I'd trust my stomach to her experimental culinary.

The sort of a girl I go with and the sort I would have to marry talks largely about being on an equal footing with man; but when it comes down to brass tacks, she wants the sort of footing that consists in his getting the money and her spending it. She loves to work—provided it isn't around the house; she'll slave all day for charity, but it must be in a becoming uniform and under the world's admiring eyes.

And once more let me say, I like 'em that way. *But not as wives.* So for the first years of my life, I state quite brazenly, I intend to put marriage out of my life. I'm going to make money and lots of it, and I'm not going to carry any handicap in the race for success. If somewhere in the world there were a girl who really could help me make the success I want to make, possibly I'd consider her. But judging from the girls I know, I say emphatically that I'll make the best race traveling alone. Then when the time comes and I feel that I can afford a beautiful and useless, entertaining and selfish, decorative and futile wife, I'll get me one. But I don't want one of the present generation of girls as a permanent handicap until I'm sure I can amuse her in the style she has been accustomed to.

One of your contributors recently quoted in another context Mr. Kipling's:

Down to the Gehenna or up to the Throne
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

Mr. Kipling was talking, I recall, about marriage when he wrote that bit of cynicism. And believe me, he must have been thinking of the modern girl trained in the modern home and modern ballroom and modern office to utter household inefficiency.

A College Man.

Chicago, Ill.

P. S. Coward that I am, I beg you not to publish my name. Heaven knows, I may change my mind.

To the Editor:

I have just read the College Man's letter. And before I do another thing I must write and get him off my mind. To begin with, though I disagree with him, I am not writing to convert him to saner views. And I need not. Life will do that.

"I've been around considerably, and I intend to keep it up." My dear College Man, "keeping it up" with that pink-tea crowd for ten years will leave you just where you start in the business world —at the bottom of the ladder. Father stops paying the bills now, and you had better get down to a bread-and-butter basis in both business and society if you hope to put aside enough money to support the flapper you seem determined to marry. If you don't get into more economical company, I promise you the end of a decade will find you still "traveling alone"—and taking your meals off the arm of a chair.

Of course, all this is your own funeral, and I would not interfere for the world. But I am afraid your attitude is somewhat typical, and I'm addressing you in the hope that others may read the wisdom of an older and sadder man. My first question when I read your composition was, Why in the world doesn't he get acquainted with some real girls? In spite of your announcement, College Man, I assure you you have not "been around considerably." The country boy who was born and raised forty miles from a French heel and whose greatest romance so far has been a game of croquet with the schoolma'am knows much more about the girls than you. It may be that you have been around the world; but I am sure you have

not been around your own parish. You are "journeying and toddling" with girls that have autos and maids. Try to get acquainted with some of the maids. They are beating you up the ladder right now, and if you can marry some of them—one of them, rather—she may make a man of you. Get acquainted with a real American girl. You will find her if you drop the toddle and walk like a man and keep your eyes open. I have no doubt there are a dozen of them in your own block; they are just as "pretty and decorative and entertaining" as any in your own charmed circle. But you won't make an impression on them unless you drop the bonbon talk and treat them as the sensible, efficient, womanly, charming creatures they are. They are the working girls, who know the value of a dollar, and the price of bacon, and the way to dress a chicken. If you can manage to make yourself worthy of one of them and induce her to marry you, she may keep you from falling off the ladder.

It is painful to think that you have met only one type of girl. But that pain alone would not have induced me to forego my Sunday afternoon nap to write this letter. It is not your lack of experience, but your want of insight that constitutes the essential tragedy of your young life. I'm an older man than you are, College Man. And I'm sorry to have to tell you that you know nothing about the girls you do know. "I've not met a single girl who would be willing to start life on what I expect to make during the next five years." This proves that the girls you run with, while they do some loose talking on movies and social uplift, do no loose thinking when it comes to the important things. Those girls have sense, though you don't give them credit for it. If you had but the eyes to see it, some of those girls, irresponsible useless dolls that they seem, are really quite practical-minded. They will be real wives if they can find real

husbands. Did it ever occur to you that they may be kidding you along? I believe they tell you that they don't know how to cook because they know you would be shocked to learn that they can do anything so common! They allow you to go on thinking they are utterly useless because they have seen all along that you "like 'em that way," to quote your own words. All you mean to them is dances and candy and flowers. That is why they keep you in line. But believe me, young man, some of them know how to cook and sew, and all of them are willing to learn—when they meet the right man. I am very much afraid they are looking for someone else. They tell you they want a car and a maid when they marry. That puts you where you won't ask embarrassing questions. But if you could hear them talking to the man they really want! I'm sure they tell him that they darn their own stockings and roll their own biscuits. They talk to you about a car and a maid, but they rhapsodize with him about a garden and a cow. For the man she really loves any girl on earth will learn to cook and sew and make garden and milk cows. And if you considered these splendid accomplishments worth the having, they would acquire them—if they considered you worth the having.

And that is the moral of my Sunday sermon—you and the likes of you are largely responsible for the idle, baby-doll type of girl. To a large extent girls are what their admirers make them. Tell a girl often enough that she is meant to be simply ornamental, and she will finally settle down to the idea and become simply ornamental. After you marry her you find that her idea of the duties of her state of life consists in "sitting pretty." Then "farewell the tranquil mind." Girls can't help being "pretty and decorative and entertaining." But they can help being

fools if they get a little encouragement from the young men they meet. One would think they might get such encouragement from our college men. But you like 'em that way. Perhaps it is a blessing that comparatively few of our young men have the opportunity of a college education. Of course I don't blame the young men alone. No, some girls are born pond lilies. But most of them get that way from talking to lounge lizards. And today's sermon is addressed to the young men only.

My afternoon nap is impossible now. But there is still an hour or two of daylight, and I'm going to take my girl for a ride in the park. She has her own car, and I do enjoy pushing it. In the light of the college man's letter I look at her with new interest. To my mind she is very "pretty and decorative and entertaining—as her mother was, and is. Her mother has helped me up the ladder from the very start. Thus far it has been a merry climb, though I'm afraid we'll never get very high. There has been some desultory fighting, but on the whole we are absurdly happy. I throw all this in just to add the personal note that the delightful Letters on Marriage always have.

And to think that I was graduated from college back in the days when the waltz and two-step were the only dances! And I have never used any other since. If that college man ever comes to Omaha, I want him to come to our house for dinner. We have no maid, but there are three square meals every day, and I think they are very good. But when this girl of mine grows up, no college man will be allowed on the premises. I'm going to make her marry a plumber.

A University Man.

Omaha, Nebraska.

To the Editor:

Would that one of our great poets were alive to write an ode to the University Man who makes the statement, "When this girl of mine grows up, no college man will be allowed on the premises. I'm going to make her marry a plumber!" Horace would probably write of the father who detested the college husband and forced his darling daughter to marry a plumber, only to be informed after the marriage that the plumber son-in-law had graduated from college.

Does my university friend imply in his letter that because I have recently graduated from college I am to be termed a toddler or a tea battler? I do not belong to the class that was sent to college, but rather to that which went to college—meaning that I worked through my entire course, owing to the fact that both my parents were dead. This does not mean that I did not dance or occasionally attend a party because of my work. I have only a small amount of money even now, but have several wealthy friends, some of whom I have accompanied to Europe.

I pray not for a girl with a beautiful roadster and a French poodle dog, but for a girl with good common sense. To marry a girl for her money would take away all my future hope and ambition. I would feel uneasy, as if I were sleeping on a bed of cracker crumbs. I will marry a real, sensible girl. She need not have the face of a Venus, and will be of the working class, I hope; to which class I am partial. College men are not looking for baby-faced dolls, nor dance-hall hounds, nor foolish heiresses, but for good, old-fashioned girls like the one that married dear old dad.

COLLEGE GRAD.

New York City.

To the Editor:

May I, a young business woman, say a few words to the twenty-one-year-old College Man who is too much of a coward to sign his own name?

I have been reading the Letters on Marriage for some months past—enjoyed them immensely. But this one beats them all. I cannot for the world conceive where this young man gets the mistaken idea that all young girls of marriageable age are in a class which he terms "beautiful, useless, entertaining, selfish and decorative creatures."

Perhaps, young man, you expect to make an immense fortune within the next ten years which will enable you to stand up and command others to bow down before you. Perhaps you expect to have the female portion of humanity fall down and adore you and your vast wealth at the end of this set period. But I, for one, would not; for when once a young man adds a bank account to his name it's all off. Then is the time when he wants others to take notice.

Don't think I'm a conceited piece of humanity. Very well do I realize that a certain sum is necessary to go through life. But when one talks about gaining this and that—well, that's another matter. I am now twenty-three years old and certainly enjoy life and all the pleasures that can be derived therefrom, but when men scarcely out of their short jeans try to tell us that we are a worthless, useless lot, you make our blood boil and should be taken with no gentle hand and jerked from your fields of fancy. Come to life, young man, and don't for one moment think that, because the girls in your set are useless, all of the gentler sex are in the same class.

If you were to look around a bit, I'm sure—in fact I know—you would find girls who can and will do the things you so brazenly say they would not if they could. I intend to do that very same thing, for before

many months will have passed into the sea of oblivion I shall be a wife; and Heaven knows I'm marrying no millionaire. The man I intend to marry is making a fair salary, about what the average young man is drawing these days, but nothing to brag about or to get the idea that wealth and luxury is at our feet. I'm well aware of the fact that it is going to be a struggle, at least for the first few years—mind you, in double harness, not alone on his part, but mine as well. For how can a man succeed if as a handicap he has a spendthrift of a wife?

No doubt, in your estimation, wives are to be pampered and petted with everything their little hearts desire. However, men today barely make enough to support a wife in comfort, and if they are to get along she must and will do the baking, sewing, cooking; in fact she will acquaint herself with her duties in the household just as she did with her duties in the office. When a girl leaves her office position, after she has raised herself to a point where her salary is almost equal to that of the man she intends to marry, don't you suppose she knows she has to knuckle down and sacrifice many a thing she has been accustomed to? Her shoulder must be put to the wheel if they are to succeed. Take the business girl on the whole, she knows the value of money. Having been thrown on her own resources at a very tender age, she has learned the lesson of true economy.

If you, young man, intend to marry, I would advise you to look around the business world for a helpmate; for after years of married life isn't it a pretty sight when, at the head of the ladder of life, you can look down upon your combined efforts? The way you put it would lead one to believe that you expected to take all the credit at the end of your ten years. Go to it, take all the credit that's due you, but remember there may have been some little body who has been

helping you along. However, at your age, marriage and girls should be put aside. Why not go to work for a few years and let the world know what metal you're made of? Why not devote your evenings to study and not dilly-dallying your time away in the schoolrooms until you are way past your teens?

Give the girls a chance and I'm sure they'll come up to your expectations.

FRANCES T.

Chicago, Ill.

To the College Man:

It is quite evident that your regard for the particular young lady you mentioned in your letter is not breaking your heart. I have not been a member of the weaker sex for over eighteen years without studying my sisters. You know that old proverb "It takes a thief to catch a thief." Well, it is my firm belief that, paraphrasing that proverb. "It takes a woman to catch a woman."

Very likely, to all appearances, this young lady you mentioned is everything that you have so graciously imputed to her. But what about her real self? Did you ever think that she does this thing merely because she thinks you admire it? Why don't you talk to her in a friendly fashion? Nothing will be accomplished if you let your pride get the best of you. Surely, deep down in her heart she holds sacred the same ideals that you do; and surely, she does not intend to play the role of the frivolous butterfly all her life. If she does, more's the pity. She is cheating no one but herself, and real happiness will pass her by. And, after all, to be busy, to feel that there is just one person who cannot do without us, and to love and be loved—what is life without these things?

Your description of the girl of the present time is quite flattering, Mr. College Man, but it would not

be at all difficult to find a description equally as flattering to the young man of today.

It is very unfair to rank all girls in the same class, as you have done in your letter, and I hope that you will be fortunate enough real soon to meet a girl who is a good pal and one who is something more than decorative and entertaining.

A Soon-to-be College Student.

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor:

After reading the Letters on Marriage for several months I cannot help writing of my own experiences in this great world of ours. I must confess that I am inclined to feel that it is a girl's own fault if she is unhappy nowadays; if from nothing more than the fact that there are so many advantages open to her. For my part, throughout my life God has been very good to me, but I try never to forget Him, and offer many sacrifices. Of course I have had a few hard times; that is, they were very hard to bear at the time. But they have been few. From the first I was blessed with a talent that developed much within me —so much that I have become famous and well known. But I have always trusted completely in God and offered up everything in honor of Him.

Although only eighteen I have traveled considerably and have seen much of the world and its people, both professional and other. Taking it as a whole, I have found that the way to be successful in any deal is, first, to observe the nature of the person with whom you are dealing. This gives you a clue to what course to follow. Even this, dear girls, applies to the young man. The following is what a certain girl wrote: "You should meet them with a smile and a happy word," and this is very, very true.

As my great field lies in music, I find that the classical music seems to go over the average young man's head. Therefore, when I am out for a good time, I eliminate that. But with the older people of the educated class it is entirely different. So, you see, it is necessary to act accordingly.

As for marriage, I haven't had much time to think about it. My friends, both Protestant and Catholic, are nearly all in college. And at the present, if I were to choose, I must say it would be difficult as I have several young men in mind who, so far as I know, seem to have the necessary qualifications.

Now a word to the college student. I am afraid he is under the impression that pretty, popular girls do not care to cook, keep house and so forth. But I think he is entirely mistaken; for, after all, does not every girl have a dream of her own home and an ideal husband? For myself, I made it a point last vacation to keep house, and must say that I enjoyed it.

To those girls that complain about the young men not noticing them—I wonder if they do not deserve the blame. Every girl should look her best at all times. Be sure you dress becomingly and neatly. An important feature is one's hair. And with a little care it can be made not alone becoming, but attractive. I am strong for good dress—not necessarily elaborate or expensive, but becoming and in style.

Education, too, seems more or less essential now. And with so many advantages a girl can educate herself. Partake of them, girls, if possible. But never neglect prayer and sacrifice, and I am sure that some young man will more than notice each one of you some of these days.

From a Young Though Experienced
Catholic Girl.

Swissvale, Pa.

To the College Man:

Your letter has been the subject of much discussion amongst the girl readers of this little paper. Perhaps amongst the boys also. But I certainly hope they do not share your views of the girl of today. If you knew how anxious we are to read the letters that are published here, you would only half know the indignation caused by such a letter as yours. They always say that one puts into the postscript the most important thing; and I believe you did by saying, "I may change my mind."

I would like to know whence you derived such a lovely opinion of girls. Surely we must present an industrious sight if everybody's idea of us could be expressed in words similar to those you use in describing one hundred and ten pounds of inefficiency. One would think we were a crowd of do-nothings, sitting around and twirling our thumbs all day, keeping our infantile brains busy with remembering the latest fashions and the newest type of motor car. Why, I imagine we would surprise you if we were to say that two and two make four; but I think you'd be still more surprised if I told you that I know not one, but a number of girls, who can do just what you say we can't do, and that if you will only look you'll find all the girls you want who can sew and cook and keep house. I'm one of them, and that is why I haven't had time to write a reply to your letter sooner.

My goodness, boy! but where do you think this world would be if there weren't any girls in it? You poor men would be like lost sheep. And remember, the girl of today is the woman of tomorrow. She sees and understands clearly her task in this world. Are we so vastly different from our mothers and grandmothers? From your description one would think we were an altogether new species only lately

discovered. Aren't we all ready and eager to lend a helping hand to aid and bring out the best that's in you? Why, of course we are. It is human nature for a girl to want to cook and sew and keep house. From wee little kiddies we have always played at the game, and we all entertain the hope that some day our game will come true. But we don't want to marry and have home and husband without sharing the anxieties and discouragements and the other knocks along the road to success.

Think it over, College Man, and see if I'm not right when I say that the girl of today is worth all your efforts and that she is willing to do her part. No girl can be quite as useless as you seem to think

A High School Girl.

Erie, Pa.

To the Editor:

I have been reading Letters on Marriage for a long time. One letter which interested me particularly was the letter from the College Grad. He is my ideal of a nice fellow, and I hope some day he will find someone to love and someone to love him and appreciate him.

Now I am not going to jaw college fellows, because I know too many nice college boys. But, I must say, give me the fellow that works his way through college. I think that very often he wins where a fellow who has plenty of money and a grand home, somewhere to entertain his friends and so forth does not. The fellow that has to work his way also has to stay up late nights studying when the others are having a good time.

I will tell you just why I think so much of the hard-working kind. Because my uncles were that kind, and they are an example. They had to get

up early in the morning and go to bed late, and at times didn't have a square meal. They had to send money to their father and mother in Ireland; and they went without shoes and stockings sometimes. When they did go to school they had to walk for miles. And now they are rich men. One of them is the highest taxpayer in his city and I am one of the many employees in the office of another. What do girls think of the fellow today that works like that?

The girls of today are looking for college men. I agree with the College Man. But College Man, you must not think so of every girl in the world, because I am one who never hopes for a maid. I am sure there are lots more like me. I just want a nice sensible sweetheart to love and have it returned to me in a nice comfortable home. But it is so hard to find that kind today.

I am a girl just twenty and I never had a fellow. But I am waiting for the right one, and when I see him I will know him, and then I'll say he was well worth waiting for.

Some readers will say I must be an old maid. But I am far from an old maid just now. I like a good time and never stop thinking of clothes. But maybe there is something wrong that I have never had a fellow. There may be someone who could tell me what it is. If there is I would like to hear from him. I may have the wrong idea of the college boy, but they do get more credit than they deserve. Why is the shop fellow not as good? Still, I may marry a college grad yet. You never can tell.

A Lover of Housework.

CHAPTER VIII

KATHLEEN AND BANY

To the Editor:

AFTER reading several letters in *The Queen's Work* regarding marriage, I feel tempted to write my version of it. As you know there are many very fine Irish Catholic boys. I say Irish because it has been my good fortune to meet Irish boys who are so good-hearted that a girl can scarcely help admiring them. Now, many of our fine boys have been started out in this life to learn trades. That is in itself very commendable, but these same boys seem to overlook many little marks of etiquette. Their mothers have without a doubt tried to teach them the many finer points in daily life, but with the rush of living and so forth they completely overlook them.

The war has had an effect on many boys. So many of them, who were the ones who sacrificed all to make us safe, got to the front. Now in eating their "mess" they, both by force of habit and necessity, ate hurriedly, became careless in their manner of eating and drinking. Lately I have noticed so many men and oftentimes girls eating in public places with utter disregard to table etiquette. Occasionally one finds persons leaving the spoon in the cups while drinking, and holding it back with their thumb. They sometimes almost throw their knife and fork down on the table cloth instead of placing them on their plates. It seems to me that these manners really

shouldn't have to be taught to the boys and girls of today. Isn't it possible for one to learn from observation what is considered correct? I do not like to see either a man or woman extreme in this respect. We have both extremes. From personal experience I can say that I have met many very fine men, men whom one would be pleased to help along and be the best of friends with, but who seem absolutely to forget themselves and everybody and "go to it" in such a manner as to make the rest of the party ashamed of them. Is it a wonder that a girl doesn't care to have dinner or lunch with them?

It seems to be quite true also that while these same men have good trades, are good, clean-looking boys, and altogether are boys with whom one would be pleased to be seen, they are very careless in the matter of speech. Whether or not it is the times one doesn't know, but so many of the younger folks today seem to think it is a mark of A Man to be able to make slangy remarks to the waitresses or about the food, etc. Don't they realize that by making these remarks they put themselves in a place way below par in the eyes of many? How much better left unsaid?

It may be that girls as a whole do not expect good manners from their boy friends, but I really believe there are a number who do.

I have wondered recently if with the starting of the night schools by the Knights of Columbus many of our boys will not take advantage of this education. It surely is a splendid opportunity. Boys, guard your manners and words.

This, no doubt, is very much one-sided, as it is written by a girl. I would certainly appreciate having a man take the time to write what men find wrong with the young girls of today. I realize that I make mistakes and perhaps many of them and I would like to have an opportunity of correcting them.

KATHLEEN.

To the Editor:

Kindly permit me to take advantage of the invitation extended by "Kathleen" to have "a man take the time to write what men find wrong with the young girls of today."

Hers was a very girlish letter, but not that of a heroic girl with the spirit of Americanism in her judgment of the present-day young man, in particular the ex-service man.

Girls who respect themselves do and should expect—yes, demand—good manners of their boy friends; especially of the boy friend whom people point to as a probable husband. It is a mistake for young men to neglect public etiquette. People are judged by their public behavior more so than by their private conduct. But in view of the fact that in the last few years many of our young men who served in the army and navy were obliged to associate with people from all walks in life and of different countries, should we hold against them as a sin against humanity that they were so careless as to forget the rules of etiquette taught them at home and at school? In my opinion, Kathleen, your idea from start to finish is a mistake and a breach of etiquette in that you are too exacting in your requirements for a model young man of today.

Evidently you were not intimately associated with war work or with the conditions the young men in the service had to contend with. To cite my own case, with which I am of course more familiar than any other, will probably explain just what I mean. A year before I entered the army I had left a Catholic college where I had had six years of strict schooling in etiquette as well as religion and other important branches of study. My education as a Catholic was not in the least marred by that one year in the world. My behavior and my companions were arranged and chosen accordingly. Then came the

greatest leap in my life—from the high level of Catholic morale into the companionship of convicts, divorced men, apostates and other criminal characters, of which my outfit was actually composed. To say the least, I was shocked, and often used to sum up the whole company as the scum of the country. Yet, in a way that you will probably not understand, these young men were all good fellows. We had several chaplains during the sixteen months we were together and, though it was almost impossible to introduce religion of any kind into our company, these chaplains all loved these young men for the same reason that I did.

Now to get back again to our subject of etiquette. Do you wonder when I tell you that I lost quite a few of my manners among these men?

Why can't you, and other girls as well, be heroic and help in the reconstruction of our young manhood, instead of finding fault where it is unjust to lay the blame? Young men can and will help themselves get out of an unavoidable rut caused by unavoidable conditions, but they will require the help of those who did not have the opportunity to forget, whose task it was to remember—namely, your help and the help of your far-sighted, sensible and forgiving sisters.

R. J. S.

Altoona, Pa.

To the Editor:

The Letters on Marriage in your magazine are most interesting and some of them amusing, especially the one signed "Kathleen."

I am glad I read your letter through, Kathleen. If I had stopped in the middle as I felt like doing, I would have called you a Modern Snob. The last paragraph saved you, Kathleen. I couldn't call you

a snob after that. You just don't understand things as they are. And I who perhaps don't know any more will try to enlighten you and other readers of this wonderful magazine.

For instance, imagine good Catholic girls giving preference to some others than our good Catholic boys because the latter eat with their knife and soak their biscuits!—boys who went over there and suffered untold miseries that we might be safe at home and have time to eat with our forks and eat our biscuits in the right way.

Of course etiquette is essential, but after all it is only one of the things of life. Surely we don't have to be well versed in etiquette to be great or acceptable. Picture a war-extra headline reading like this, "Criminal Biscuit Soaker Wins Laurels." What proof have we that Lincoln or some other great man didn't eat with his knife? And he married, I believe.

What's the matter with our Catholic societies? Nothing. Well, then, what's the matter with our Catholic young men and women? Why do we see only married people attending our Catholic clubs, card parties, etc.?

I have turned this question over in my mind many times, especially since reading Letters on Marriage, and the only solution I can find to it is "Too much false pride."

For example, we had a young people's society in our town, organized two years ago by a young priest just transferred here. All looked promising at first, and it would have been a success but for a few snobs. The minute you entered the hall on a night that they gave entertainments, you were spotted and treated accordingly. If you were a stenographer and your folks well-to-do, you were received graciously; and—oh, well, if you worked in a factory, you might just as well be a piece of the factory's machinery for

all the notice you got. In other words you were in the lower class. Well, the lower class didn't come again. And can you blame them?

Well, yes—maybe a little. They should have stayed right on until they had gained recognition and taken down the snobs' pride a peg or two. But they didn't, and the lower class being the majority, the society went to pieces because of lack of members and funds.

Am I not right in my view? I would like to hear from some of the other readers in regard to this; and before I close I would like to say that I would like to take off my hat to Working Man for being a clever man. Not many men gain the attention of so many charming young ladies at one time as he has through the medium of this magazine.

STENO.

Sioux Falls, S. D.

To the Editor:

Marriage is a problem that requires quite a bit of thought and experience in the way of studying the different girls that we come in contact with. Judging from my father's experience and the knowledge that I have obtained from my daily work as teller of a bank, I am of the opinion that we cannot be too careful about signing papers that will bind us for life. My position gives me a good opportunity of picking a good girl as my companion; and I must say that it is provoking to hear of the many marriages that are unhappy to all concerned on account of the girl picking a companion not of her faith. I have reached the age of twenty-three, and my conclusions as to how to pick a good Catholic girl is to attend early Mass on Sunday and pick your mate from the altar railing. If the girl a man is thinking of marrying does not attend the sacraments frequently and devoutly he had better look in another direction for a wife if he has any care at all

about how his children are to be trained. I am the brother of five sisters and two younger brothers, and I will be thankful if I can have the good judgment to marry a girl with as good a training as my sisters have.

I am fairly over my roughest path in life—the saving of my first one thousand dollars. It has been a path that many would not like to look forward to. The reason I mention money in my letter is that I consider it an important part of a girl's choosing to find out if the man has the ability and thrift to support a wife.

To my friend Kathleen I would suggest that she should not be so critical about the young men's manners at the restaurant table, but be more keen about how the young man acts at the most important table, the communion railing. Understand, I agree with her about table etiquette, as it should be the aim of us all to act properly wherever we are. We cannot act the man all of the time if we do not feel so in our heart, as sometime or other our actions are found to betray the so-called and well-named wolf in sheep's clothing.

I only hope that more would give their views on this vital question of marriage. This way we will get some pointers and will profit by the opinions of others. I certainly would like to see the Catholic girls set an example to the Protestant girls by being more modest in the way they dress. If my sisters would dress the way I have seen other boys' sisters expose themselves, I would be ashamed to take them anywhere.

A prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary occasionally would not go amiss in choosing a wife, as she has taught many her virginal qualities.

H. M. S.

Wheeling, W. Va

To the Editor:

I take serious and two-fisted objection to the worthy brother who derides the practical value of training that a man receives at college. Perhaps "*Ad hades cum sapientia*" is engraved proudly upon his family crest. And as for his daughter marrying a plumber, let him 'ware the technology graduate there. I had dinner last night with two "plumbers," both of them university men taking their degree after completing the four-year course in sanitary engineering.

I am a college man and I plugged my own way, working at everything from shoveling snow to inoculating guinea pigs. The big majority of college men are not tea hounds, nor jazz bos, nor lounge lizards, as our brother would have us believe. Of course during "bright college years" they are not unlikely to be suffering from an acute case of exalted ego, but a year or more of work soon causes them to realize that life is not one grand sweet song. College men, or perhaps I should say men of education and refinement and breeding, have always been the world's leaders and will no doubt continue so. Our friend should read the late President Hyde's (of Bowdoin College) tribute to the college man.

Kathleen: I believe that you are unnecessarily harsh in your judgment, too. Perhaps those boys learned to soak their bread and eat with a knife in a German prison camp. More than one did. None of us had our Jap valets with us over there, you know. Instead of the well-modulated voice of the butler's "Dinner is served, sir," the strident tones of our good friend the hard-boiled cook told us to "Come and get it." Am I right, buddies? You tell 'em! I once took a girl from the Middle West to a clam bake, and she insisted upon wearing long white kid gloves while eating clams. So there you are! Antithesis. Kathleen, don't pass up the friend-

ship of Catholic boys who eat with their knives. You probably will not lunch at the Waldorf and dine at the Ritz every day, and better marry a chappie who is dexterous with a knife, but who has the courage to take unto himself a wife in these hectic times, than some polished, lily-fingered youth who has neither the courage nor the wherewithal nor the inclination.

This marriage question is of vital interest to George W. Me, and I would fain admit that I wish I were married. I am twenty-seven years old and have a fair job—at least a sufficient income for two. I have been from the Golden Gate to the Golden Horn, and I have seen enough of the world to know that true happiness is found upon one's own hearthstone. I know very few Catholic girls and move from this city to that so often that my chances of meeting any of these are comparatively slight. All I ask is that she be a good Catholic girl. While I, like the rest of my kind, am no angel, I do know that Catholic mothers are the best in the world, and I will marry no one but a Catholic, one who is possessed of common sense and is sort of—you know, rather fair to look upon. Every Sunday as I am working at my religion I see her in the pew across the aisle or, after Mass, floating down the steps, a vision of grace and loveliness. A few weeks ago I saw her at the Cathedral in St. Louis, later at St. Agnes' in Cleveland. The type of girl I want to meet I see every Sunday —and all the good it does me! To the one who solves the problem—not only mine, for I am but an individual in a vast army, but the problem as a whole of bringing the boys and girls together so that they can come to know one another well—to that one is deserving a high place in heaven.

BANY.

Providence, R. I.

To Bany:

You use very good judgment when you say that college men have always been and will continue to be the world's leaders. Too bad there are not more of them. Hats off to those who appreciate the value of an education enough to work for it.

Bany, keep on looking for a Catholic girl with good sense. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. I know a host of girls just anxiously waiting for some good Catholic young man to come their way. I know, for as a school teacher twenty-five years old I have not as many opportunities to meet young men as girls who work in offices.

Of course we are particular in our choice of company, and rightly so. We must have high ideals and aim high in order to keep our human nature on the highest plane. We are all human and all have faults. Therefore none of us can expect to find a perfect being. You surely are very generous when all you ask is that she be a good Catholic.

I wish I could solve the vast problem of bringing young people together in order to gain the reward which you think such a one deserves.

HOPE.

St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editor:

Mortar-Boards off and a rousing cheer to Bany for the clever way in which he rallied to the cause of the sheepskin! After reading the letter of College Graduate I determined to sit me down and write a stirring defense of collegiate training, but alas! the "daily grind," combined with the little demon of procrastination, swallowed up the noble impulse. Imagine my delight, then, to find upon opening up the July number that Bany—God bless him!—had so splendidly given expression to my very own sentiments.

No, College Graduate, all college men are not tea hounds or loop lizards. Neither are all co-eds clinging vines or helpless bits of artificial decoration. The college girl of today during school years lays the foundation stone for a life of usefulness. And I have seen not one case, but scores, where the finished edifice was a credit to the early years of building.

I am a college girl, a graduate of the largest university in the Middle West, and I am not ashamed to say that I not only earned every penny of my college expenses, but contributed to the family exchequer besides. To gain my goal I hesitated at nothing—from being an evening telephone operator to spending a summer vacation in a coat factory. Often mother would arise in the morning to find me preparing an English theme or writing a psychology paper after a night of toil.

Nor was I, because of the fact that I was self-supporting, a "stick" or a "college grind." I played basketball, baseball, and tennis, won my pin and letters while a member of two teams, and played in a number of exhibition games. I was associate editor of the school paper, took part in dramatics, and attended all the dances. I was never missing at a good time, and I was showered with invitations, because I always tried to be a good fellow wherever I went. Very few of my associates at college ever knew I worked.

What has all this to do with the subject at hand—namely, the vital question of matrimony? Simply this: At school I was too busy earning my tuition to notice the boys, and ever since I have been too keenly interested in "making my mark" to give the menfolks more than a passing glance. Now, at twenty-seven I have come to the sudden realization that, while I have been somewhat successful in a business fashion, I have missed out in what is considered a

matter of comparatively greater importance—the making of friends among members of the so-called stronger sex.

The years since voicing my swan song to the campus have been busy ones. I have worked night and day to make a success of my chosen line, which happens to be journalism. I have taken evening courses, read widely, and traveled from coast to coast. Incidentally I have educated a sister and helped her to attain a degree without having to experience the struggles which were mine.

Yet, as I say—and this with an audible sigh of regret—to attain my very slight success of today I have had to forfeit the opportunity to make friends. And to the present dilemma—realized, I might confess, only since reading the Letters on Marriage; I had never really had time to think of it before—I see absolutely no solution. I am really quite a good Catholic and a weekly communicant. And I swear, in all sincerity, that I would never marry outside my Church. The boys at school, who are about the only ones of my acquaintance, were, naturally, all Protestant—to use mother's good old-fashioned but horrified epithet, they are A. P. A.'s. My work does not bring me in contact with men. Our parish boasts no young people's society of any kind; and I know of no place in this great city where one might meet men—not to mention Catholics—of unquestionable character.

So, to steal a bit of B. L. T.'s pet thunder, "What do you make of it, Watson?" I am fairly well educated, a good Catholic—not at all the proverbial "stick," for I love to dance, sing, play, and have a jolly good time. I am fond of athletics, sew well and make all my own clothes, and I can cook a meal guaranteed not to produce an S. O. S. call to the nearest M. D. I love housework, and would lots

rather wash the dishes and putter about the kitchen range than pore over manuscripts or hit the keys with a red-hot story in time for press.

Yet here I am, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven, without acquaintances among the opposite sex, ready for carpet slippers and a cane, and doomed to degenerate into an eternal devotee of the spinster curl and the teacup.

Something's wrong somewhere. But where's the doctor to diagnose the case and give us the proper remedy?

CO-ED.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

I have taken a great interest in your Letters on Marriage for some time back. It is a very happy day for me when this paper comes along. If I tried forever I couldn't find words to express the pleasure it gives me.

Well, to get back to the marriage question: If the majority of boys held views like your correspondent Bany things would be better all around. If you go to a dance over here you will see only girls who are painted and powdered getting the boys for partners. Then the men will turn around and condemn the very girls who try so hard to please them. Men will say they don't want a painted doll for a wife, and that such a girl could not sew, cook, or manage a household. Of course, things may not be so bad on the other side of the pond, but they certainly want mending on this side.

AN IRISH LASS.

Cambridge, England.

To the Editor:

Co-ed's letter replying to College Graduate arouses me to make a few comments. Evidently College Graduate is not thoroughly familiar with the curricu-

lum. When he asserts that it transforms men into tea hounds, perhaps if he only knew what is required to take part in the athletic events of college he would not judge so hastily. I can inform him for his benefit that it takes more than a tea hound to take a position in football and other forms of athletics that are in vogue at all of the large colleges.

Commenting further on Co-ed's letter, I congratulate her on working her way through college. Going through college is a difficult task in itself even when one has his time to devote to study.

Co-ed complains of spinsterhood approaching and, not meeting her choice, seeks a remedy. Surely such a person should have no trouble in meeting the right one. As she lays claim to the study of psychology, I think this should be a great help to her, as this cultivates creative personality. Perhaps Co-ed assumes an air of aloofness on meeting people. If so, this is a sure way to lose them. When she traveled through the different cities I doubt very much if she did not meet someone that would have proved interesting. Take the city she resides in at present. She claims that there is no young people's society in her parish. If there is none in her parish there are other Catholic social centers there. Having spent some time in Chicago I attended affairs that were thoroughly Catholic and attended by both sexes. I also met some very fine men at the K. of C. I know that there are a large number of good Catholic men in Chicago, and it would not be a difficult task for Co-ed to discover one of these were she to apply herself to the task of finding one.

There is a saying, "Once a woman sets her mind to do a thing she generally accomplishes it," and I am sure if Co-ed would keep this in mind she would find the remedy which she seeks.

N. S. N.

Newark, N. J.

CHAPTER IX

LONESOME A. C. R. GETS MANY REPLIES

To the Editor:

I HAVE never met the girl that really cared for me, although I have come in contact with a number of girls who, it seemed, I just fell in love with. They cared nothing for me, although my qualities have always been good. To my friends I have always proved myself to be a big-hearted and a regular fellow, but they never could quite understand me. I have always lived in a big city and found it very difficult to make acquaintances. The people appear to be cold and indifferent and unsociable. I was advised to join the Knights of Columbus; which I did, also having been a member of the Holy Name Society, thinking that I might meet a number of friends that way. The fellows appeared glad to meet me, but when it came to introducing me to some of the opposite sex they seemed reluctant about introducing me.

I have tried very hard to forget being in love, but it seems I cannot fight it away. I have even attended Church during a novena and pleaded with Our Lady for her help. It seems as though fate has destined me to a life of gloom. When I see other young people enjoying life and I am kept back from these pleasures I just feel terrible. I see a number of young fellows with their sweethearts and imagine the happiness which a loving couple feels compared to my miserable

lonely lot. In fact no one knows better than I the suffering and remorse of a lonely heart in a big city; yet it seems there are a number of good, conscientious people in the world, if one could only find them.

I am not one of those to find fault. I am a firm believer in culture as well as beauty, and I have always tried to be devoted to those dear to me, sharing in their joys and their sorrows. I am not selfish, but broad-minded, and opposed to anything that would be a kill-joy to happiness. I am in hopes that in this big world there is a girl who will some day step in and remove the shadow of gloom from my heart. What men want is sympathy and sunshine after their long toil in life, someone who is willing to share with them the burdens of life. There is nothing richer in this world than a joyous, sympathetic heart, one that is always ready to spread the seeds of happiness and content.

A. C. R.

Worcester, Mass.

To the Editor:

I wish to voice my opinion to A. C. R. of Worcester, Mass., who states that he is unable to find a real sweetheart.

I can readily understand that he, like a good many of our boys, attends all the non-Catholic affairs in town, but very very rarely if ever attends the Catholic ones, where I am sure he could find suitable companions together with wholesome and clean pleasure.

I am speaking from experience, for whenever the church holds any kind of social, the young men are conspicuous by their absence, which proves that they go elsewhere for their enjoyment. Everything possible is done to make the affair a pleasant one, and the priests do all in their power to get the young people together, but somehow the boys don't show up.

Then they wonder why they cannot acquaint themselves with sensible girls.

If you are looking for a good companion, take my advice and attend Catholic affairs more frequently, and I will guarantee that you will find the right one.

CORONA.

Corona, L. I., N. Y.

To the Editor:

Sympathy to A. C. R. who thinks he is doomed to a life of gloom. Cheer up; there is no such thing. Why a life of gloom? No one's life should be that, for life is what we make it.

Besides, a man should not complain. He has the initiative to request a girl's company. How about the girl, who must wait till some one asks her company, who is not permitted by the generally accepted rules of etiquette to try to dispel her loneliness by seeking companionship with anyone not of her own sex. I think there should not be a lonely man—that is, one who is all that a Catholic young man should be and nothing of what he should not.

To quote the case of an averagely attractive girl of refined middle-class home and family environment, well educated, who holds a responsible position in the business world. She has friends enough, has chances to meet young men and does meet them; but though she becomes acquainted with Catholic young men who are delighted to meet her, they are very careful not to further the acquaintance. She is not unattractive or a bore; she is lively, a good conversationalist, dances, is accomplished in music and not uncultured. Does she think she is doomed to a life of gloom? Not at all. She works steadily, takes things as they come, with a cheerful attitude and makes the best of conditions, and hopes.

If you have fallen, as you say, in love apparently with a number of girls who did not seem to care for you, perhaps you do not approach the right kind of girl. Is she a girl on your own social level, and have you given yourself a rigid once-over? I think if you'd look for the Catholic girl whose living conditions are similar to yours, socially, financially, etc., you should find happiness beckoning you.

S. L.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

Like A. R. C. I, too, have experienced to the full the loneliness of being a stranger in a strange city. Those fortunate ones who have home, family and a circle of acquaintances do not dream of the hungry-hearted army of friendless human beings all about them.

My chosen work—I am a telegrapher by trade—has necessitated my traveling a great deal, and though I've attained a measure of success in my work, success is not everything in life. I am of a rather quiet, retiring disposition, but appreciate good friends and enjoy amusements of the right sort. I have made friends in a business way, but it seems hard to meet the right kind of young people. The only time one comes in contact with Catholic young people is going to or from church, when one occasionally brushes elbows with them. We have no societies of any kind in our parish that might be a means of bringing our young people together, and in five months' regular attendance at divine services here I have made the acquaintance of only three members of the parish besides the pastor.

It has invariably been my experience that Protestants are more socially inclined in their church activities than our Catholic people, and always stand ready to welcome the stranger within the gates;

whereas the attitude of Catholics toward strangers is one of coldness or indifference.

I think that every girl, no matter what her chosen profession, fondly cherishes dreams of a "kingdom" around some future corner in a home of her own. I have some very good boy friends who are not Catholics, but when it comes to choosing a partner for life our slogan should be "A Catholic Husband for Every Catholic Girl."

Yours for a better get-together spirit among our Catholic young people.

A Business Girl.

Newton, Iowa.

To the Editor:

I never in my life knew that a man could be lonely. Yet I find, after reading A. C. R.'s letter that one is riding in the same sort of canoe as myself.

I have a host of girl friends, and am considered a regular fellow among them. I am invited to no end of dances and other amusements, where I am a big take among the opposite sex. Strange to say, I never have to sit out a dance, and can always hold a crowd with lots of good popular lyrics, jazz time. Yet, when all is said and done, I am not the girl whose 'phone number and address are recorded in little books for future reference.

People are always glad to have my company in their home parties. Yet there are times when a certain someone would be far more appreciated by me. I am a girl of good family and education; have been a business girl for some few years. Men in business treat me wonderfully nice, but that's all. People term me a classy girl, but I can't say it ever got me anything worth while. What it did get me were, unfortunately, men whom I could never encourage. I believe that I am a good Catholic. I can't say I

am a stick in the mud, for I play cards, dance, at least keep up with current events, know who is playing baseball and who's who in the auto races and in political fights. Oh, yes, I am old enough to vote. Besides, I am quite at home bathing the dishes and mixing up eatable pies and biscuits. I don't mind either, to call on a few poor families blessed with enough children, and sit down for an evening to trim up a few little things for them to wear. I have heard people say that I am such an accomplished girl and of such a generous heart that it's a wonder some nice fellow hasn't "snapped me up." But the nice fellows are absolutely unknown to me. Therefore my accomplishments and generous heart are unknown qualities.

I feel pretty lonesome, too, when I see my girl chums toddling away with their sweethearts while I can sneak to a movie all by myself. Oh, it's tough, A. C. R.! And I'm a girl.

I admire culture and breeding as much as wealth and good looks. A broad mind, fairness and squareness in all one's dealings are not overlooked, and these qualities I try to follow. Yet, with it all, I find myself alone and twenty-seven, thinking all the time I was the only person in this state of feeling. Besides I don't think I'm a bore. To know the real happiness of the companionship of a real respectable, passable, Catholic fellow has never been my good fortune. Like A. C. R., I hope that some day Prince Charming will deliver me from my tower of loneliness.

Pittsburgh, Pa. MACK.

To the Editor:

Being a constant reader of *The Queen's Work*, I am very much pleased with the way you conduct your column Letters on Marriage. These letters are

surely very interesting and afford one great pleasure in spending a few moments in weighing opinions on this subject.

I have had some experiences in meeting young men of this city, but never had the opportunity to receive the attentions of a Catholic young man. The young ladies of our parish have given quite a number of social affairs in order to bring the young folks together, but they have never made a success, as it appears to me. It is as our spiritual director said—"The young men come in order to hold up the walls." I cannot say that I am a mere ornament in our home, and I am not a girl who is on the street all the time, but I am always ready for a good time. I never shun the greetings of any young man when passing, whom I know, and always try to have a smile for everyone I meet. There surely is something lacking, but what it is I do not know. I have been told by several of my friends that as to appearance and personality I am up with the girls of today, and yet I am not considered one of the baby-doll type.

Why is it that you hear of girls meeting more non-Catholics than Catholics? I am sure any decent young girl would be glad to accept an invitation from a Catholic. But where in the name of goodness are they to be found? And also why is it that the young man of today wants to be coaxed along by the girls and made much over as though he were the only man? I suppose the young men think the same about the girls.

I want to say this: that the letter written by A. C. R. appeals to me a great deal, and it seems to me that we are both in the same boat, though many miles away. If it is God's will, we may drift together some day.

LONESOME.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

I am a constant reader of your magazine and I find a great deal of pleasure in reading the Letters on Marriage. I was much interested in reading a letter signed A. C. R., and I am willing to say that my case is in every way like to that described in this letter, especially in the matter of meeting the opposite sex.

I have met a great many men in my life for whom I cared and who cared for me, but the trouble was that I never could find one who was of my own faith, and I would not marry outside of my church. I tried to forget them. It was rather difficult at first, but after all I know it was the best thing to do.

I can certainly sympathize with A. C. R., as I understand his case is so like my own; and all I can wish him is success some day not far distant. I am sure he will be rewarded even though he has waited so long.

C. A. W.

Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear A. C. R.:

Your letter in *The Queen's Work* was to me most interesting in view of the fact that I can hardly believe that a young man may be lonesome, as you describe yourself. If you were a girl I could understand; but there are so many opportunities for young men to meet very nice girls, in fact, to have their choice of some very fine ones, that it seems like a mystery to me that any of the Stronger Sex should be really lonesome. If you are really sincere, let me just as sincerely give you my heartfelt sympathy, for I too could truly quote the words of one of our past popular songs, "I know what it means to be lonesome; I know what it means to be blue."

Although I live not very far from your home town,

in the capital of our state, I have always heard Worcester spoken of as a large Catholic city and one of many good times. May I ask you if you are a member of the M. C. O. F.? If not, might I offer just a friendly suggestion and say "Join now"? I'll promise you will not be sorry. The requirements are few, although important. You must be a practical Catholic and pay your monthly assessments, which are very small. The advantages of membership are large, for it gives you many opportunities to meet many nice Catholic girls and boys; the good times are numerous; and as for the insurance end, I would say there is none better in the country. I have been a member for four years, and feel that to have joined such a good Catholic order is one of the best things I have ever done, for to it am I indebted for three-quarters or more of my very best friends, and they are the kind that *stick* when you want them most, both girls and boys.

As to my own loneliness, I am what some people refer to as being lucky, an "only child." While, as I said above, I have many friends, I have had but one sweetheart—one that God gives us all for a short time and then takes her home. Mine was left with me, a tiny baby girl in her arms, to bring up all alone. This she did, and she gave me many things that other children with a working father did not have. She worked every day for me, earning what she could; and at times this was very small. My education was limited, not that she would have it so, but I refused to sit back and let her shoulder the entire burden. I studied nights and now have a good position, one which I would not change with many college graduates, although my grammar-school diploma is my highest degree. One year ago God took my sweetheart, chum, sister, best friend all in one—my mother. No one except one who has had similar

experience can realize my loneliness. But like many other girls that are lonesome I am just trusting that He who took away my dear one will send someone to fill up some of the empty space in my affections. Yes, I can do housework and all those things necessary to make a home, for as a child I always helped in the house and have not given up my home since I was left alone.

I enjoyed Bany's letter very much and would say that from my experience with young men it is not education or the lack of it that makes one a gentleman or a "piker." Some really ignorant fellows, speaking literally, are much more refined than some college boys, and vice versa. To my way of thinking, the boys that work their way through school are in many cases real gentlemen. I would like to hear from Co-Ed. Her life seems so much like my own in some ways. We are of the same age and are waking up now to the fact that most girls want a good life-companion and are willing to help in trials and cares as long as the man is of the right kind. Please write again, Co-Ed.

To *The Queen's Work* I would say that I have read many interesting magazines, but so far it comes first with me.

LONESOME TOO.

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:

In this city last year a bunch of twelve jolly Catholic girls formed a club and planned social times. The club gave three private dances during the winter, about twenty couples at each. Naturally, the club money paid expenses, which were heavy, so the young men were invited guests. Here is the strange part: Not one of the young men who attended the dances has returned the favor by asking one of the

girls out. The girls have come to the conclusion that the boys are just out for a good time for themselves. Can anyone justify them? I can't, and I should have an impersonal viewpoint, not being a member of the club.

A. C. R. must be disinclined to part with his spending money, for there are many, many fine Catholic girls of my acquaintance who would go to the movies or the Agnetian Dances, etc., etc., with an escort. And they are hard-working office girls mostly who do not "run after" every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Yet their friends are all girls.

The Agnetian Girls is a club started in our city to bring the Catholic young people together. Several parishes have organized their girls, and the dances, parties, and concerts are great. I cannot understand why A. C. R. does not use his tongue, for it is surely the man who says "May I have this dance?" and so forth.

Have good courage, "Mack" and "Lonesome," this is evidently the Age of Old Maids. Possibly woman's greater self-reliance is detracting from her charms; possibly we should become more independent. It is hard to tell. Indeed, I give it up.

ONLOOKER.

Worcester, Mass.

CHAPTER X

THE FURIOUS OLD BACHELOR RUNS INTO A HORNETS' NEST

To the Editor:

AS FAR as I can make out from your pages, marriage is the supreme ambition of all young men and women, sane or mad. Believe me, that's all tush and nonsense! The world still has rational people; they are the bachelors and the maiden ladies who believe in self-determination. They don't talk much about the joy of their life, for they don't want a good thing overcrowded.

You remember Punch's famous advice to those about to get married: Don't. Well, early in life I shook hands with Mr. Punch, and at this late date, almost at the end of my active career, I bow grateful acknowledgment. Bless Mr. Punch! Have I been happy? Well, no squabbles, no worries, no trying to keep a selfish wife in clothes and good humor, no constant association with one limited woman whose mind lost all its charm as her temper took on its angles, who insisted on mixing in my business yet was horribly bored when I really tried to interest her. At the first of the month I pay my own bills and tell all the milliners and dressmakers and beauty experts to drop off the Municipal Pier.

What do I need with a wife? I've got an Airedale that whines when I forget to stroke its head. I've got a talking machine, latest model, and it beats a

wife all hollow, for I can shut it off when I don't like the selection. I keep an auto just to remind me of the expense of a wife's upkeep; but if it ever thinks it can run the bills too high on me I'll sell it and buy a Ford. And I couldn't do that with an expensive wife.

When I come in late at night I don't tiptoe up to my room. I make a face at the clock, drop my shoes where I like, and if anybody dared to ask me where I've been I'd hand him a map of the subtropics.

Sometimes I think that I ought to be lonesome, usually after some sentimental romance or rotten movie about the joys of sweet young love. It's just that sort of thing that's responsible for all this rushing into marriage, by the way. Well, when I do I call on my friend Bill. Bill has a wife whose temper has developed with her waist line. He has six sticky-fingered youngsters who could ruin the new chain-mail suit of a Crusader. Bill slaves all year and takes a vacation by painting his screens in the spring and putting up storm windows in the fall. If he were to go out at night he'd get lost in the dark. If he plays poker he's afraid to bet a blue on anything less than four of a kind, yet he goes to bridge parties and sees his wife lose ten hard discs in a night. If he called his soul his own his wife would accuse him of running off with her property. And yet people talk about women getting their rights!

Marriage? No, thank you! Give me my rooms, my fat old housekeeper, my books, my friends! When I sit in the theater or go to my club, when I watch a baseball game or go on a long vacation trip, no spectre of a waiting wife rises up and makes me sick with fear.

Marriage? I'm a free American, so give me liberty or give me death. A married man's rights are not recognized under our Constitution. This is a

woman's country, and only the brave army of Old Bachelors hold the forlorn banner of personal liberty. I'm one of them.

A Furious Old Bach.

Chicago.

To the Editor:

I am a new subscriber to *The Queen's Work*, and must say that I have found it a very interesting publication.

In the last issue, under Letters on Marriage, I read the very interesting article signed by A Furious Old Bach, so I have decided to try to correct an apparent misunderstanding of married life which he seems to have. Being only a young man of nineteen years, it seems almost impossible for me to give advice to an Old Bach, but, after analyzing his letter from every angle, I believe I am a little more broadminded on that particular subject than he. I really believe the supreme ambition of all young men and women is to get married when they have found the right one.

From the tone of his letter I am led to believe that Mr. Bach is one who has never known anything but pleasure in this life. But after all he doesn't know the real pleasure of life, which is sacrifice. In his attitude toward married life he seems to have forgotten that he once had a mother and a father who, no doubt, toiled, worried and sacrificed for his sake.

As for his friend Bill, whose wife has a temper that has developed with her waistline, I can only say that six sticky-fingered youngsters are enough to make any mother's temper develop. But after all, wasn't Old Bach a kid at one time? I have no doubt but that he was sticky-fingered, too; if not he was an exception to the general rule.

My mother raised six children, all boys, and I know

she has had to toil and sacrifice for our sake. But now we are all grown, and I am the youngest. Her worries are all over now, and I have never heard her say that she wished she hadn't married. Neither do I think that she would trade places with any "old maid" in the world.

Now to get back to friend Bill and family. Bill has one consolation—he will find joy and happiness in the midst of his children and grandchildren during his latter days, when Mr. Bach is too old and feeble to come in at night and drop his shoes where he likes. Then the only thing I can recommend for him is to sing "All by Myself."

I hope he will reconsider his present views and let us have his true opinion of married life in a later issue.

XYZ.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

No doubt you will be stormed with letters of protest from your readers against A Furious Old Bach. It will take reams of paper to print them.

This letter is from a furious old maid—furious at the very thought that such a small, insignificant miserable, selfish-minded being exists in times so civilized. I am unable to find adjectives strong enough to express my contempt.

He sounds just like some old dotard about reaching the end of a life filled with jilts from women folks who were wise enough to know a lemon when they saw one. No doubt he feels like a saver of men from disastrous ruin, but his little say won't do him any good.

His case is very pathetic and deserves our sympathy rather than our scorn, for any sane man would never speak so ungentlemanly about the mother of

six children. Something must have been sadly neglected, either his home or religious training.

I am very much surprised that he is a member of our wonderful Catholic Church, whose teachings are so big and broad. If his parents had been as selfish as he, the world wouldn't have missed much.

Here's hoping his type is as rare as his teeth.

M. A. D.

New York City.

To the Editor:

I have been reading your pages entitled Letters on Marriage. One in particular attracted my attention, signed A Furious Old Bachelor. Permit me to offer my opinion.

Judging from the tone of his letter, he is a very worldly man, and he did not stop to consider marriage from a Christian standpoint, or perhaps he would not have written the article which he did. His esteem for a woman is not very high. I hope there are not many such men as he, for his ideas are erroneous, base, low, and everything that is worldly, and he does not know the value of true love. Also he does not consider the source of his own existence.

When A Furious Old Bach gets old and feeble, when he had no one to confide in, no companion but a deck of cards, poker chips, crusty old pipe, his Airedale, talking machine, and other luxuries, all his money and all the wealth he can gain, all his friends, will not bring him the happiness he desires and fill up those solitary moments. When he reaches this state in life, I hope he will not have to cry out "O God, give me back the days of my youth."

Marriage is sacred and a sacrament instituted by Christ to unite one man and one woman to bring up their children in the knowledge and love of God. The little controversies that come up between man and

wife only serve to lead to a greater union and love between them. And really these are the things that make life worth while.

I have met many young men, the majority non-Catholic, who possessed all the qualities I admire in a young man, but I never encouraged the company of a non-Catholic, as it leads to nowhere. Most mixed marriages prove to be failures, and I am strictly opposed to them. How could anyone enter such a state in life and be happy with a person of different faith, when they could not share equal joys?

My religion has been my guide in choosing a life partner. Now I have met a nice Catholic young man, and he is the first gentleman with whom I have kept steady company. I have found him well worth waiting for, and when I get married I will make my life one long service of love.

HELEN CECELIA.

Covington, Ky.

To the Editor:

Advertising private opinions carries with it the danger that many who occupy the zone of neutrality are very liable to come to the advertiser's side. When opinions are printed such as expressed by The Furious Old Bach, for approval or disapproval, I know that in combating such sentiments I am safe to do battle in the cause of matrimony and will come forth victorious, though perhaps wounded.

No, I'm not married. Haven't found her yet. But when I do, I hope The Furious Old Bach will be in the front pew to watch me happily take unto myself for better or for worse, and the rest of it. I know I'll be happy with my little girl. Of course, it's going to be a girl. You understand, I wouldn't marry a whining Airedale, or latest-model talking machine,

or other gewgaws of the saturnine Old Bach. It'll be a girl all right, accepted with all the possibilities the future has in store, whether they be six sticky-fingered, ruinous urchins or a lack of them; whether these possibles occasionally demand the loss of ten hard discs, so pathetically bewailed by the Old Bach when he observes another's wife spend them; whether they bring showers of squabbles and matrimonial differences. But you know, Old Gloomy-eyes, too much sunshine gets tiresome, and in life as in nature we must have clouds to hide the sun so that we may appreciate more thoroughly its beams when the clouds pass. Perhaps you have had too much sunshine.

Take down your forlorn banner with which you herald personal liberty; you haven't it. A bachelor is nailed up in selfishness and narrow living. He does nothing for the world he lives in. He should be tolerated only, and certainly not encouraged. He is a public nuisance.

Furious Old Bach! Become a man in the full meaning of the term. Take unto yourself a wife, even as your father Adam. Learn to enjoy life in the sweat of your brow as was intended. And if you cannot do this, I suggest retirement to a monastery where you can at least be of use to the world you live in, by assiduous prayers and sturdy fasting. Think it over, Bach; I mean it.

To the readers in general, I would say, Don't listen to sentiments coming from bachelordom. Some bachelors needs must exist, for the offsprings of selfishness will always be propagated in this heterogeneous world. Remember old Rome. The Bachelor would have fitted well in Rome's high society. He would have been a chum of Epictetus, a pal of Lucretius, and championed by Epicurus. He would have spent those ten hard discs on himself rather than that a wife enjoy them. He would have given another push to tumbling

Rome, and the laden backs of Gregory and Benedict would have groaned under a bigger load. Perhaps the Bachelor is ultrafuturist. Perhaps we are a bit slow, even for modern times. Perhaps the Bachelor with his banner of personal liberty is the herald of our coming generation. Thank God I'm living now. I want a wife, with a number of the future citizenry to make up my family—not Airedales, understand. And here's anathema to that "brave army of Old Bachelors." I hope, like Sherman, they will march not only to the sea but into it.

DEFENSOR LAICUS MATRIMONII.

St. Paul, Minn.

To A Furious Old Bach:

I never expected to write a letter on marriage, but yours was too good to let pass without an answer. Honestly, I wouldn't have believed a man would give himself away like that! It's easy to see why you're a bachelor. But why so furious? Surely, unreasonable as you are, you can't blame the women. And if you're so happy and contented, why be furious with yourself?

I am going to be—I should say, I am, being twenty-six—an old maid, not because I think it's a good thing, nor because I hate the world in general and men in particular, as you seem to do—the particular ones in your case being the women, of course—but simply because I think it's my vocation.

I think I owe you a note of thanks. Your letter has done for me exactly what you claim your friend Bill does for you. Whenever I get lonesome—and even you admit you sometimes get lonesome enough to stand a visit to Bill's house—I'll read your letter and say, "If that's a man, O Lord, deliver us!"

If Mrs. Bill has a temper, probably there is a reason. Did you say it developed since their marriage?

If the youngsters' hands are sticky, why doesn't Bill take a turn at cleaning them? I suppose he is tired after his day's work, but raising six children, even sticky ones, is more than an eight-hour job.

Did you ever hear these words: "Unless ye become as one of these ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven?" They probably had dirty hands and clothes. Children usually have.

If you were trying to show the joys of single blessedness, your letter certainly defeated its own object. You may enjoy coming home so grouchy as to forget to pat your dog, probably the only one who would care if you were dead, and playing "Ain't We Got Fun?" on your latest model, and, when that fails to convince you that you have it, choking it off and sitting down and writing that bluff to *The Queen's Work*. But it doesn't sound convincing to others.

I guess I won't thank you for that letter after all. It doesn't even seem funny any more. I should be sorry to think there were many men, bachelors or other, who have your opinion of married life, and its cause—your disposition. I am going to believe that as Bill was an exception in his class, if you told the truth about him, so you are an exception in your own. You are just what you sign yourself, a furious, raving mad, old—no doubt about it—bach, or excuse for one. You tried to excuse yourself, didn't you?

But don't you ever feel absolutely good for nothing? I do, often. It seems to be the only life of any use is that which is given to others. Raising a family is doing just that. Unless I can help in some way I cannot justify my existence in this world, to say nothing of the next. Whether I am happy and contented has nothing whatever to do with it.

This may be more than you deserve, but fools rush in, you know, and must take the consequences. You

are old enough to have known better. But perhaps you are over your grouch by this time. Or is it chronic? If you want another round, remember I am

Always,

REDDY.

Kimberly, Wis.

To the Editor:

I had no intention of writing till I read what A Furious Old Bach wrote in regard to marriage. He certainly can write a letter, but he is shy on good advice. He can well afford to have a talking machine, automobile, Airedale dog and a fat old housekeeper, but he cannot afford to keep a wife. He does not say it in so many words, but you do not have to read between the lines to understand his meaning.

To my knowledge, he is the most selfish man I have heard of for some time. His friend Bill has six sticky-fingered youngsters, but when his youngsters grow into manhood and womanhood he can look back on the years and feel well repaid for all the slaving he has done and look forward to a future of happiness.

Of course, children are a care and worry, but is it not well worth it when you are old? If this bachelor wants recreation he must go to his club. Bill has a wife and children, and all in all Bill's pastime is not so much of a bore. Old Bach means to insinuate that all wives are in this world for is to have a man pay for every hat and gown they have a notion to adorn themselves with. Has he ever met a real girl—one who can make her own clothes, keep house, and above all hold a man's love?

I cannot agree with this bachelor. Perhaps I am too young—I am only twenty-one—but my idea of a happy marriage is a good staunch Catholic young man for my husband, and children who will be a credit to me in my old age. He need not be wealthy,

good-looking or have a machine, provided he loves his family. Marriage should not be denounced, because it is a sacrament instituted by God.

I hope the Furious Old Bach reads this and will try to remember that even though people do intend to marry they are just as sane as he is, and perhaps more so.

A. L. S.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To the Editor:

Glad to see the letters of protest against Furious Old Bach. No doubt the other readers were people with common sense, and I am trying to express my inclination to uphold people falsely condemned. What did he say against the married state? Nothing worth mentioning. If Furious Old Maid and the nineteen-year-old knew a little more about that wonderful Catholic faith that they accuse the other party of not having, they would know that there is such a thing as divine providence and a single state. Every Catholic should know that it comes in between the religious and the married state. Furious Old Bach intends to be master of his soul and home, and is capable of establishing his own home, and does not intend to give up his comforts for a selfish or silly woman. Three cheers for such a man! Just the kind we need in the single state. When I first read his letter I felt like patting him on his back for bravery in upholding the single state. Now, Furious Old Maid, please control yourself or swallow some of that contempt that was meant for F. B.

The nineteen-year-old had better learn his lessons or a trade, then begin trying to find his mate. If he does not get the chance to make that wonderful sacrifice and have children and grandchildren during his latter days, he will die of grief and shame by the

time he reaches F. B.'s age. As for his friend Bill's wife, there is no reason for a temper in any state; and if she wasn't ruling her husband she might find time to keep her children sweet and clean. Bill is to be pitied. A henpecked man can't succeed.

Hoping that Furious Old Maid and the nineteen-year-old will succeed in their glorious ambition, I am,

A South Dakota Young Woman.

Sisseton, S. Dak.

To a Furious Old Bach:

Personally, I deem you a chronic fault-finder, or, in twentieth-century slang, "a grouch," so dissatisfied with yourself that you cannot see a ray of sunshine in the lives of your married friends.

I'll admit I'm an old maid—of twenty-nine summers—not altogether by choice, but owing to the sad fact that no one just seemed to want me, and I'm drifting "a lost hope" on the sea of single loneliness. probably to be rescued some day by a gallant Lochinvar. Although hope wanes with the passing years, I still entertain a spark of hope. But goodness! if all the males living a life of single blessedness were like you, my dream would be scattered to the winds.

A girl expects her life partner to be pleasant at least once in a while. I doubt if you have the latter failing; so should you ever realize that you have erred, and are looking for an honest-to-goodness girl, change your disposition, if this be possible, or your life and hers, poor girl, will be very unhappy.

Bill's matrimonial troubles might have been a burden to bear, but in every state of life crosses come—even bachelors have them if they will but admit it—and the greater the cross, the greater the crown. So why not bear the crosses patiently? Do not think for a minute that the "six sticky-fingered youngsters"

are a bore to Bill, for deep down in his heart he loves them all, and realizes what a consolation they will be to him in a few years, when the evening of life is closing in on him.

NOBODY'S GAL.

Springfield, Mass.

To the Editor:

Your Letters on Marriage have just come to my notice, and I want to say to that male who signs himself Old Bach—I can't call him a man—that he has my deepest sympathy. For he needs sympathy as much as anyone I ever heard of. Yes, you certainly need sympathy, and I really think that is why you wrote. No doubt you expressed your ideas to some nice young lady, and she told you her mind then and there, and you have had a grouch on ever since.

Marriage? I should say not! Don't you ever think of such a thing. Imagine what a heavenly time your wife would have! I am not a doctor, but I am going to give you a prescription, and if taken according to directions I'm sure that you will look at things differently and that the stone will gradually change into a heart. Every morning, when you get up, go over to your mirror and smile. Yes, I know it will be hard, both for you and the glass as well—I hope you have an insurance on your household goods. Then when you go into the office say "Good morning" —still smiling. Every first Friday go to communion, every Sunday go to church and put a dollar in the collection box. Why a dollar? Oh, if you had a wife you would have to spend that amount a week upon her. Or give the dollar as a thanksgiving that you haven't a wife—they are terrible creatures! Or else give it as a sacrifice; for I am almost sure you hate, as most old baches do, to part with your money. I know from my personal experience that they're

stingy. Don't frown so! It's true; and they say it's the truth that hurts!

Now, if you follow my prescription, I'm sure you will feel happier than you did when you wrote that letter.

AN OLD MAID FROM VERMONT.

To the Editor:

Three cheers for The Furious Old Bach, and may he live long to enjoy his dog, which will always be a good friend to him, his automobile, talking machine and his other comforts. Old Bach, I enjoyed your letter so much that I find myself unconsciously repeating parts of it to myself every now and then. "Six sticky-fingered kids that would spoil a suit of armor." Ha! ha! That's good. Now, if on no other point in the world but this, you and I surely agree; for while I like youngsters as much as any one in the world does who has a heart, I also have an instinctive horror, in street cars, etc., of having some sticky-fingered young one leaving his trademark on me. I positively shrink in fear when I see one, for I can candidly say that I rarely ever collide with one in public who hasn't hands and mouth full inside and out. Suffering cats! Why don't their fond mothers wait until they get home and confine their operations there, without smearing up the suffering public?

Poor Bill! He is no doubt a very good fellow, and I guess his dear wife means well and has her troubles, too, but I don't blame you for sympathizing with him. Every time I go to the movies and see a sentimental picture I say, "Now, if the Old Bach were here and saw this he would run right over to Bill's house for his antidote." Honestly, I don't know when I enjoyed anything like I did your letter. You're a genius, old fellow. I only wish I knew you personally. But

here's good luck to you anyway, and may you have health, wealth and happiness to the end of your days.

AN ADMIRER OF THE BACH.

To the Editor:

I have been a very interested reader of this magazine for some time, particularly the Letters on Marriage, but never thought of writing until I read the letter written by A South Dakota Young Woman, who approves of the statements written in the letter by a Furious Old Bach.

To my knowledge, I do not think that she has ever been in a home with a lot of children, or she would think differently of friend Bill's wife. I think if she had to cook and wash for six young children alone for just one month she would think that Bill's wife was entitled to a temper once in awhile. Although I am only nineteen, I speak from experience, for I belong to a large family and have always stayed at home after leaving school to help my mother do the work. I am sure that when we were small mother could not always keep us clean either, but we are all healthy and happy today. I am sure that when they grow old my parents will never be sorry for all the trouble they went through for us, for then they will have someone to comfort and care for them.

There are a lot of old bachelors and old maids in our neighborhood, but there aren't any of them very happy as I can see. What if Furious Old Bach's father and mother would have felt the same about marriage as he does? Where would he be today? No doubt, if Old Bach was as furious when he was young as he is now, his mother must have had to have a temper also to make him behave. As for the South Dakota Young Woman, I think she must be more furious than any old maid who objects to marriage and children, or she must have had a very sad

disappointment in life. I think if the South Dakota Young Woman and the Old Bach would go to church, study their catechism and Bible more they would think more of marriage happiness and less of their theories of single selfishness. If ever I am blessed to receive that great sacrament of matrimony, and to make that noble sacrifice, I hope it will be with a good Catholic man who does not feel toward a wife as Old Bach does.

I do not believe in mixed marriages. "Marry one of your own faith" is my motto.

L. M. R.

Toledo, Ohio.

To the Editor:

Mark me down as an ardent supporter of "The Furious Old Bach" and as a hearty sympathizer with his views.

At the time the Old Bach wrote his first letter it more or less amused me, and the thought occurred to me that probably he was in one of those disparaging moods which oftentimes seize us, especially after being out with the hard-to-please girl of nowadays, who seems to exchange home and companionship for a life of luxury and independence.

I am a young man of twenty-three, of moderate means, and for the past two years have been in the field for someone to stimulate my ambitions. But, alas, that someone has not entered my life, and the modern girl by actual experience is a hindrance more than a help.

Since last night's occurrences are so fresh in my mind, I will cite a detailed example of what the young man must contend with to get along with the girl of today.

Arrived at her home two minutes of eight and rang bell. Little sister answers door. "Oh, you here al-

ready? Why, Sis hasn't decided what dress to put on. Just sit down in the parlor; she will be ready in a minute."

Tried to interest myself with the phonograph, playing "Stumbling"; and Sis sure is doing the stumbling part, for I can hear her in the other room: "Where are my earrings? Did you take my powder puff? What did you do with my file?"

Looked at my watch, 8:30. We had an engagement to meet four people at this time, and it takes at least a half hour to reach our destination.

Ah! Behold! The fair Sis now approaches. I remind her of the time, and get a reply on the order of this: "Oh, leave those dumbbells wait! They'll appreciate us more if we're late, and besides it is never late unless we don't get there at all."

It is now quarter of nine and we are ready to leave. As we arrive at meeting place, Sis is surprised to find that they have left. At this juncture Sis is very much peeved, and she does not conceal her feelings a little bit. And she naturally takes it out on me.

Sis then decides she wants to go to a show, and while I'm trying to enjoy myself she keeps barking at me. After the show we go to the roof garden, and Sis has what she terms a bite to eat—chicken dinner which set me back a day's wages. After a few fox trots Sis suggested going home.

When we got on the street car someone happens to brush against Sis, and this starts her whining again, loudly declaring herself against the United Railway and the public in general, telling me how it bores her to ride in a street car. At last we arrive home, and she is still in her fighting togs. When I tell her the reason I didn't call a taxi was on account of my being virtually broke at the time, she accuses me of being a piker, and slams the door in my face.

I suppose the readers think I am a simpleton for

enduring Sis's wrath, not even making a murmur and doing everything in my power to make things congenial for her. I have been going out with Sis for the last three months and tried to win her over, but last night was the climax in as far as the female class and I am concerned.

Now, Gentle Reader, to go back to my first statement, I sympathize with the Furious Old Bach's views. Like him I am seriously thinking of taking Victrola lessons and getting an Airedale for companionship and inspiration.

Someone may perhaps suggest that I have not come across the right girl or have not gone to the right places, or perhaps that I lack personality or maybe am not very attractive. In reply to these critics I would say that I happen to possess the proper qualifications coupled with meekness and charity, and can assuredly state that I have selected the best field available in this fair city.

Therefore let me ask, not what is the matter with the young man of today, but what is the matter with the young ladies.

As a closing wail to my tale of woe let me say that I have six pals who are virtually in the same boat as myself, and who have practically given up the quest for an honest-to-goodness girl, and by their permission you may enlist them as staunch supporters of The Furious Old Bach.

A Cynical Youth.

St. Louis, Mo.

CHAPTER XI

LINES FROM MICHAEL. WHAT'S IN A NAME?

To the Editor:

IN MY little circle the Letters on Marriage are read with great interest. As I have not seen among the experiences of the writers one like my own, I trust one more letter added to the collection will not be amiss.

First of all, I once loved, rather do yet love, a girl, and lost her for some reason beyond my comprehension. It has not soured me on womankind, not made me hopeless, but it has caused me to think deeply. And some of my conclusions are really amusing, while, I think, true.

I associate mostly with people who are in the business world. You know the kind—none too cultured and not downright ignorant. Just the ordinary, everyday, good-hearted Catholic kind. My name is Michael. And here is where the first and—would you Catholic people believe it?—the most embarrassing difficulty in the way of friendship lies. Girls do not like the name Mike. In our day there is a craze for nicknames or intimate names, and invariably my name Michael becomes Mike. When people meet me I imagine they find me as pleasing and as cultured as any; but when they hear my name there is just the least perceptible lifting of the eyelids. I am to be tolerated—just that. Who wants to be associated

with a Mike? This action on the part of the young ladies I resent, and immediately have nothing more to do with them, whether they be Catholic or not.

Of course a girl does not marry a name, and "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but she does not seem to like to tie up with such a name. I have found this to be the same with Patrick, Dennis and others. The girls do not seem to think back of the name—its significance, its history, and, if you please, its very euphony. Michael, I imagine, is as euphonious as many others.

Now, personally, I do not blame them much for this—when they go no further than Mike. It is the connotation that matters. I myself am prejudiced against some names, and on the other hand instantly find something responsive in my heart for others. For instance, I would never marry a girl named Phyllis, whereas I can't help loving the name Mary. Again it is the connotation that hurts. With Mike one can think first of a roughneck, then of bricks and mortar, maybe a hold-up man, surely a policeman, and, anyway, of a person first Irish and secondly struggling hard toward the day when he can have riches and the children to name Chester, Delmer, or Percival. If the girls go beyond the nickname and its connotation they will get for Michael the highest saint in heaven. G. K. Chesterton makes some sort of comment to the effect that he thinks there is a kind of brotherhood throughout the world among people of the same name. One thing is certain—people of a name are proud of the success of other people of the same name. And I imagine that there is an affinity between them. For instance, I feel more friendly and nearer by heart to Michael Farraday than if his name were John.

Well, I am boring you. I just wanted to say that

I have suffered from the Catholic young ladies in just this way, and have consequently scratched their names off the register because I believe they should have more sense. And right here, as an ardent sufferer from the craze, I would like to decry the habit of inventing nicknames. Sometimes they are pretty, but discretion and common sense should be used. Pat does not sound pleasing when applied to a boy; whereas Pat for Patricia may be very pleasant for a girl. Anyway, let us go deeper and look beyond the name. Wouldn't it be just fate, now, if I should find a girl named Phyllis and fall in love with her? But, by all the memories of my holy Irish ancestors, I'd have her change it to Eleanor or Mary or Brigid.

Just another line to the co-ed of this city whose letter appears in this issue. We have here about the most active bunch of Knights of Columbus in the country—I've never been in Boston—and in any section of the town there are always some events transpiring. If I knew she lived near my council I'd get her to attend some of our affairs.

MICHAEL.

Chicago, Ill.

P.S.—And if I ever do get married and have a son, there is going to be a Michael the Third—and they can call him Mique if they like. Good luck to all my brothers and sisters in distress.—M.

To the Editor:

Really, I feel heartily interested in Mr. "Michael" and his predicament. Did you not make a very large statement, Michael, in saying "Girls do not like the name Michael or Mike"? Surely there is some girl who could learn to like that name. For one, I will say that among my acquaintances and friends the name is a secondary matter; personality comes first.

Even at an introduction or during the first conversation a person's characteristics and personality are what interest me. Hence, according to the depth of friendliness would I care for a person's name. When I like a person, I naturally like his or her name whether it be Pat or Mike, Lemuel, Belinda, Lena—or even Percy. In fact, the very name, however plain, becomes endeared to me as anything associated with dear friends would become endeared to me.

Chesterton was right. He always hits the nail on the head at the first stroke. My father's name was Michael. So someone has liked that name! And, strange to say, I never knew another Michael in all my young, uneventful life. So here's hoping these lines will carry safely along the miles between us and Michael will read them. Do you not agree with me when I say that I realize that personality and character come first, and the name and looks or even the position of a young man are secondary details in life? Persons count with me, not names. Also, I felt prompted to write this time because my name is Mary.

With wishes for success to you, Michael, and many loud cheers for *The Queen's Work.*

MARY.

Rochester, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I am a new subscriber, and I too find *The Queen's Work* very interesting. This is in answer to Michael's letter in the November issue:

Well, Mike, I am very sorry to hear Phyllis is such a terrible name, for I am unfortunate enough to have it. I never was overfond of the name myself, but I think it is good as Mike. As my name is Phyllis I can about guess your feelings toward me, but I

surely don't feel that way about the name of Mike, as I have a brother by that name, and I think he is just wonderful. I don't think the name bothers any real girl if she really cares for a fellow, and if all young Catholic men felt the way you do about a name like mine—sure, Mike, I guess I would be out of luck. But in the name of all my Irish ancestors I don't see where they ever found my name.

A Furious Young Maid.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

I have been an interested reader of your Letters on Marriage for some time, but have never had a real incentive to write to the column until I read a letter in the November issue of the magazine. The letter to which I refer is the one submitted by Michael, Chicago, Ill. My reason for noticing this particular letter is that it seemed to be aimed directly at me, or someone who felt as I do; and what's more, it carries the same name as I do.

In his communication Michael tells us that Catholic girls do not seem to be fond of his name. That seems to be quite a hard thing for me to understand. I'm sure that I have never known a girl who objected to the name; and as for myself, I know that the name Michael would never make me dislike an otherwise likeable boy or man. I know lots of boys by that name, and they're just as nice as anyone else I know. After all, what's in a name? Now for my own.

Michael tells all of us that he'd never marry a girl named Phyllis. Well, he can do as he likes about that, I'm sure. Later on he says that fate might arrange things differently and he would probably fall in love with someone who owned that horrible name, but—I'm quoting him—by all the memories of his

holy Irish ancestors he'd have her change it to Eleanor, Mary or Brigid. I wonder just what he would do if he ever met me. My name is Eleanor Phyllis, and I wouldn't change it for any man alive. So there! If my parents thought the combination was all right, I know no Michael would ever be able to coerce me into making a Brigid of myself. No girl whom I know would change her name to please a finicky man, especially if it wasn't some terribly overdone name. It is quite evident that Mike thinks "Phyllis" a little too much. There is only the difference of one consonant from the name Phillip. The vowels do not count, you know. People accept Phillip as a matter of course. Why not Phyllis?

Well, I can't complain any more. I didn't mean to complain about Michael's letter, but it really went against me when he mentioned both my names in the same paragraph. I know that the same man will think I'm about as impossible as they make them when I admit that I spell my name Elenore Phillis. It's not a silly fad, by the way, but the way my family write it. So much for this time.

E. P. C.

Madison, Wis.

To the Editor:

In reading over your wonderful little magazine I was most interested in a letter on marriage from a chap from Chicago named Mike, so I am taking the liberty of writing this to tell Mike he should not feel that way regarding his good old Irish name.

I am a girl aged twenty-seven years and have lived in New York City all my life. I have often heard all these foolish names given fellows, but here is one girl who prefers the name Mike to all others, and I'll tell the reason why. The best brother a girl ever had

was my luck, and his name was Mike, although, as kiddies, we called him Buddy. I love those two names. Then during this awful war, while doing canteen work, I fell in love with a wonderful soldier who gave his life for his country, and his name was Mike. So you see, dear friend Mike from Chicago, I have good reasons for loving your dear good name. Some day I hope to be good enough to meet my brother Mike and sweetheart Mike in heaven.

I could write so much about this good, dear name that has meant so much in my life. I hope, dear friend from Chicago, that you will soon meet a good girl who will appreciate you and the name you bear.

And now before I close I want to say I thank you for saying how you like the name Mary. It surely is the best name, although some of us do not appreciate it sometimes.

I hope you will have a very Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, Mike from Chicago, and that you will above all always be a good, true Catholic man.

A New York City Girl Named Mary.

To the Editor:

"A South Dakota Young Woman" comes to the defense of Furious Old Bach. In my opinion "his wife" is lucky he is an Old Bach.

Say, Mike, how do you feel after reading "A New York Girl Named Mary?" I also agree with saucy E. P. C. Why change the name your mother has given you to please a finicky friend? Of course, if you are in love, you could substitute a pet name for the object of your dreams.

"Lonesome Too" and "Mack" do not know how a man (A. C. R.) can be lonesome. Have you ever lost "the one" just when earth was heaven? Go any place at any time with anybody under any circum-

stances and still feel something was missing? On the other hand if a fellow is not in love there is no excuse, but he should be particular as to what kind of girl he calls on in an effort to throw off the lonesomeness. The pluck of Lonesome Too should win her the best man in the world.

As for Mack, well—here is a crowd of fellows and a crowd of girls. The fellows, with no place to go, find out where the girls are, go to that home, let the girls entertain; father pays the refreshment bills and mother does the work. When the fellows need true friends, they call on these girls, and the girls are ready to help every time. But when there is a dance, show, or party, do they call on these girls? I should say not. They are out for the baby dolls who attract attention, regardless of what kind of attention. Cheer up, Mack, all men are not like that, and I trust you will find one soon.

In reading Lonesome's letter I was actually disappointed in seeing "St. Louis, Mo." I thought it was someone from our parish who was saying "The young men come in order to hold up the walls." I thought our parish was the only one that could boast of such willing hands (or backs). Here is a dance; you fellows hang around, if you come at all; maybe you do dance all evening. Then how many times have you slipped out during "Home Sweet Home" so you would not have to take her home? Do you do that when you go to the dance halls? I'll bet you don't. You don't care if you have to go to the other end of town, and then walk back because the cars have stopped running.

Trying to live up to my name,

FRANK.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To the Editor:

As one of those unworried, "self-sufficient" old maids who aroused Stevenson's admiration and awe, perhaps I can step into the forum and, without fear of being accused of having a weather eye on the matrimonial market, express my own deep admiration for Michael's letter in a recent issue.

Mi-chael! Where can you get more euphony in a name? It is beautiful—more beautiful than Patrick, which is a good strong name. What has happened to the minds of the second and third generations of Irish? All they seem to grasp is that there is something ridiculous about anything that is labeled Irish. They are not educated enough to know that many races use and revere the name Michael. If they only reflected they would realize that ridiculing the Irish is a cheap Yankee trick inherited from cheap English ancestors, and the educated Yankee does not indulge in it, because he knows Irish history and he sympathizes with the Irish love for liberty. Do you find the Poles, the Greeks, the French, the Germans, or any other race, ashamed of anything pertaining to themselves?

Here's hoping that Michael will start an active propaganda amongst his friends and that when he meets the right girl he won't compromise even on the spelling of his first son's name—Michael.

MARY.

Holyoke, Mass.

To the Editor:

If I begin in the middle instead of the beginning, you will perhaps forgive a girl of twenty-nine. Horrors! Just think of it! I will have to hurry and make my reservation in the Old Ladies' Home ere it is too late. Now listen and I will tell you my tale of woe.

I am not wild to get married, but I have been woefully neglected, and at this age must confess that I have never had one beau, except a big, husky red knob with whom I kept company for six months and whose ma thought I would be a good thing to take care of her in her old age, but after said prodigy subjected me to a series of penances—namely, to sit and play the piano and sing for him every Sunday and Wednesday night of a summer, when the thermometer registered at least ninety and I was melting away, I finally became desperate and tied the proverbial tin can to this young man. Do you blame me? Since then I have been on the shelf, and it seems I am doomed to remain there.

But why keep you in suspense? I am real lonely. Now, I have never taken any prizes in beauty shows, but no young man would have to be ashamed of me. I am as good looking as any average girl, have a good Catholic high-school education, am a good musician, and have a pleasant disposition. I can keep house well, for that is my occupation. My mother has been dead many years, and I keep house besides working downtown in an office, and when evening comes, after the dishes are done, the only pleasure I have is my music. I don't know what I would do for loneliness if I didn't have my dear piano, and I just tell it my troubles when other girls of my acquaintance are having a good time at shows and dances with their young men friends.

We have all heard it said that when people are lonely they are selfish and self-conscious; but I hardly think I am guilty. I have always been on the square with everybody. I never break my word when I promise to do anything, and have spent many an hour at so-called friends' houses, playing and singing for their amusement. When I did that I was always very

much in demand. But to my sad experience. I just wore myself out with the late hours, and my efforts were never really appreciated, as I often found I was playing and singing to a lot of chattering magpies. I am just commencing to wake up and to realize everything has been very one-sided. I live in a fine parish in the dear city of St. Louis, but in my eleven years of residence here I have only met three young men of the parish—two of them very fine fellows from every Catholic point of view, but veritable undertakers. Both are well fixed but afraid to go with the girls. I had the extreme pleasure of going to several church affairs with one of them, along with his sister. At a dance he would dance once and then wall-flower the rest of the evening. Oh, what regretful evenings! Now, really, I might have been at home sweeping, dusting or washing the dishes or even been sound asleep, and the evening would have been well spent. But the agony of being in the company of such an undertaker! You cannot imagine what I suffered.

At a carnival where I was working, this bright youth and a friend of his would sit in the balcony so no one could squeeze a nickel out of him. He displayed a little interest in me once, which was no doubt checked in the bud by his sister, a *very dear* friend of mine.

I am not sure that I want to get married and have some careless, slovenly man coming in with muddy shoes, dropping cigar stumps and ashes all over, letting his whiskers grow until he looks like Methuselah, and enjoy other similar attentions, to be just set off in a corner and forgotten, except when mealtime comes around, and then have him raising Old Ned because this does not suit and that does not suit. But if the right young man came round, who knows? If

he were not a tightwad and would just be an ordinary, civilized individual and show me some of the good times I have missed, even I might be induced to change my name. But in the dull routine of this monotonous life there is little chance for a change.

To the young men who say they never meet any Catholic girls let me say that I feel as sorry for them as I do for the girls of my class who are also neglected.

Now, just a line before I close, to Michael of Chicago. I was born on the feast of the great St. Michael myself, and father says that if I were a boy my name would have been Michael instead of

WINNIFRED.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

As an interested reader of your Letters on Marriage I should like to answer "Michael," not directly concerning his sad lamentation published previously, but to give a friendly word of advice concerning the apparent popularity of his name.

Musha Michael, lad, don't let the colleens mislead you. And did you begin to think that the lovely name of Michael was really so popular? Don't let them fool you. Did you happen to notice that in practically every case where your letter was answered it was a Mary who did the job? And weren't they the sweet sympathetic colleens? And how they adored the name of Michael! Don't you believe them, Michael—they were giving you a little bit of blarney. Tell me, now; how is it that no Elizabeths, or Margarets, or Catherines happened to like the name of Michael? I'll tell you. Just because you happened to like Mary.

Now, as far as I'm concerned, Michael is the best name ever. For was it not the name of my own dear father? But, Michael, take my advice—beware of

those Marys! I know many a Mary, and, take my word for it, they are not like the original Mary. They are, every one of them, resting on the laurels of that name, but in their hearts they are just as bad as any Phyllis. Watch out for them, my boy. From one who knows.

MARY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

There is an old saying, "There is always room for one more," and I shall take advantage of it by edging my way into the crowd of young people who express their opinions in *The Queen's Work*. I think it is a fine thing, this opportunity we have of expressing our opinions, as we certainly all profit by the criticisms our ideas receive and we all need to have our faults pointed out to us. However, it is not my intention to pass judgment on the people of this circle, but I would like a word to Michael of Chicago. Summing up the contents of his letter I arrive at the conclusion that he is merely judging others by himself. Whether or not he has had the experiences he mentions I am not prepared to say; but I will say this much, that he expects people to respect his name (and every broad and deep-thinking person does), yet he reserves the right to condemn names that are not of his fancy, as, for instance, Phyllis. To me his case looks like one of where he does not practice what he preaches.

I have been here a year and a half and must say that I like it very much in so far as my work and intimate surroundings are concerned, but I have had the time of my life to get acquainted with the Catholic young people of our fifty per cent Catholic city of St. Paul. When I came here and found out that the population of those of my faith was so large, I said

to myself that there would be no excuse for not having many Catholic friends. Well, I went to church exactly eight months before I even spoke a single word to any of the Catholics there. Of course I know that we don't make a practice of getting acquainted in church, so by attending mass and evening services I would not get acquainted socially. By the end of that time I finally went to the priest at the parish where I belong and asked him if he had any young people in his parish, where they were, and if there was any chance of getting acquainted. We had a long talk and he told me that that question was being constantly put to him and he did everything to solve it, but what can a priest do when the young people do not get together on it? He finally persuaded me to join the girl's society of his parish, but it was up to me, a stranger, to go to one of the meetings and ask to be admitted. How many girls that are "strangers in a strange land" will do that? And do you blame them? It is not necessary for one to fight her way into amusements in a large city. There are scores of people and places only too eager to take in the young people, and many a good pleasure seeker has gone wrong on that account.

To make a long story short, I managed to get into this girls' club, and then it took that club another seven months before they got me settled and before they began to notify me of the meetings and social functions. Now that I am in I enjoy it all very much and my list of Catholic girl friends is growing. It was not because I was not wanted, but because there seems to be a barrier that has to be broken before one can get into Catholic activities. And right here is where the trouble comes in. There are so few girls willing to break that barrier and to make the effort to obtain Catholic friendships.

As to meeting some of the scores of Catholic young

men of our city, that is a job I have not yet laid hold of, but after about fifteen months more of continuous hard work I expect to come out victorious as I did the first time. I can't understand why I can go to a gathering of Protestant young people, have just the nicest kind of a time and learn to know everybody in a very short time, and when I go to a Catholic gathering it is just the contrary, and I come out of the wreck so disgusted that it takes all the courage I can muster up to make another attempt. Just this last week I attended a Catholic entertainment. I knew before going that there would be a good crowd, and I was a little backward about going for fear some Catholic young man might so far forget himself as to ask for a dance; and I also knew that I would never stand the shock. But I was saved this embarrassment, thanks to the Knights of Columbus, and arrived home safely.

The above-stated case is not one that applies to me alone, but I find it is general, and the only solution I can see is for us to forget ourselves a little more and look around us for those of our flock who long for the companionship of Catholic boys and girls, and help them to find it. I also think that if the young people who find their way into the letters of *The Queen's Work* would offer suggestions how to overcome this difficulty, I am sure they would be welcome and appreciated.

MISS ST. PAUL.

St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editor:

I wish I might give vent to my opinion on this already popular subject, marriage. To my mind, ladies like those who give or have given expression to their ideas in your journal, are few and far between in this wonderful U. S. A. of ours. Is this not so?

The ladies in this neighborhood seem to devote their whole pastime to selecting short dresses, bobbing their hair and acting as advertising agents for the beauty which is sold in the local drug stores.

Should it interest you to know it, dear reader, I am located in a city where a race known as the Pennsylvania Dutch, together with foreigners from various European countries, are entirely in the majority. Again, it is scarcely nine months since I left the Emerald Isle for the first time, having spent twenty-seven summers among the green fields of Erin and Irish colleens. You may here ask, "Where has this man got his information in such a short time?" Well, I have been wide awake, and claim to be a pretty keen observer.

Friendliness among us Catholics, to my mind, is very lacking. We do surely treat a stranger coolly and with a great lack of hospitality. I venture to say that the stranger in all other churches outside of the Catholic Church receives a greater measure of hospitality from his clergy and fellow believers. Yes, I am in a position to substantiate these assertions, as I held a government position in Ireland for a half-dozen years and was closely connected with men of various religious denominations.

I have attended mass here each Sunday for the past eight and a half months and I can positively state that I haven't made the acquaintance of one young lady in our parish in this interval, and yet I am often told that I am a good-looking specimen of Irishman and that I shed my horns before leaving Queenstown. I'm not surprised to learn of so many mixed marriages and divorces. However, I don't suppose but that if I ever secure the "missing rib" she will be one who can recite the rosary in the good old Irish style.

Well, that letter of Mike's seems to have caused

a commotion among our lady readers. I'm sorry I have not had the pleasure of reading it. I personally have no animosity against the name Mike; first, because I have inherited a hotel in this city from my uncle whose name was Michael, and my twin brother in Ireland is also Mike. Secondly, is not Michael a good Catholic name? Would you prefer Percy? What about our famous Sinn Fein general in Ireland? Is not his name Mike? Yes, his name is McCollins, and in some cases he is addressed as Micky.

AN IRISH GREENHORN.

Bethlehem, Pa.

To the Editor:

I wanted to say a few words to Michael. I have a son two months old named Michael after his father, and I am proud of him and of his father, too, but I can truthfully say I do not like the name of Michael. Now, Michael, I am going to tell you my story.

I kept company with my husband for two years, and no girl could ever love a boy any more than I loved him or than he cared for me. When we met I made a remark that I hated the name of Mike, never afterwards thinking he had been hurt or had even noticed it. We broke up several times for no reason at all to my knowledge. I had been saucy and independent, but always loved him just the same. One night we had a quarrel over a trifle and we parted like enemies. The last words he said to me were, "Oh, well, you never did like the name of Mike, anyhow." Then I remembered what I had said to him two years before.

We parted that night, and I never let it bother me because I thought those words were an excuse for his breaking up with me. I went around with other fellows and enjoyed myself; and they were all good boys, too, but none like Mike. He went off to another

city, and I never heard a word from him until three years later. He worked hard and saved fifteen hundred dollars, came back to Chicago to me with tears in his eyes, and we were married the next week. I was the happiest girl in the world that day, and have been ever since. If he hadn't a cent in his pockets I would have married him just the same.

So you can see that the reason for all our quarrels was because I didn't like the name of Mike. Michael, go back to the girl you love and don't spoil your happiness just for a name. If I had known that this was the cause of our quarrels, I would have been married long before. I am sure the girl you love is suffering just as much as you are. Bless your heart and Mary's, too, or whatever her name may be, a Bridget, Catherine or Tilly. Let us know if you make up with her, Mike.

ANOTHER MARY.

Chicago, Ill.

CHAPTER XII

SOME OPINIONS OF "COMMON SENSE" AND OTHERS

To the Editor:

I AM a constant reader of your magazine and I find a great deal of pleasure in the Letters on Marriage. I will make this as brief as possible, hoping all the readers of *The Queen's Work* will understand it and believe me sincere in this my first attempt in this column.

I have learned by experience abroad in European countries and over here that it is hard to find a good sensible girl. But what are the conditions of today? It is a man's natural desire to marry a good sensible girl; but the girl of today has her skirts cut short, and she has a jazz walk and jazz on the brain from dawn until night. She has a craving for fur coats and fine gowns, and nothing but horror and disgust for home work. In fact, she considers it an insult to be suspected of knowing anything about housework. So many girls are working now that it is not surprising that four million men are unemployed.

Men will work with the idea of supporting a family, while girls will work for less pay with the idea of buying a fur coat. If some of our good women would learn to do housework instead of meddling in politics and going around the country lecturing to young girls on "How to become successful business women,"

there would not be all this unrest. More men could get jobs and more bachelors would become husbands.

"COMMON SENSE."

To the Editor:

I have just finished reading the Letters on Marriage and can restrain myself no longer. I am keeping house and taking the place of mother, who died some years ago. It is indeed hard, and many a time I had to stay home just because mother was not here to stay with the children. Although my age as yet does not begin with two, I, with many others as young, am interested in marriage.

Even after the experience of correcting smaller brothers and sisters and of being discouraged now and then I look forward to the day when I will meet the one God has intended for me. It is indeed amusing to read the letters of our different young people, but they are very interesting.

Common Sense seems to have a time finding a sensible girl. Now, really, there are a lot of sensible girls in this world, but they are hidden, it seems. What I mean is this: A fellow will see a girl on the street. She is dressed as up-to-date as her good loving mother will permit. He may meet her, he may go out with her, but he will say she is just the same as all the others. If he would trouble to trace her—if he would go, let us say, into the kitchen instead of the parlor—he would find there her mother and father and perhaps sisters and brothers. And if he would spend one-half hour talking with father or mother, he would soon be convinced that they are sensible people. But of course he would never think of doing that; no young man would think of going to the kitchen or even in sight of father. But the kitchen is the place where he intends to see his future wife making his meals, and there, too, is where he could

find out just how well she can cook. To be sure, any girl can bake a cake or mix the jello, or do some such easy thing. But how many can prepare a whole meal without having mother there to ask her how much salt to put in the potatoes or how long the coffee should boil?

They say no two people are alike, but all the same I think a good many young people would find life a little easier if they stuck together more and tried to find out about one another instead of judging each other by their polished manners. A lot of girls and boys dress and act like the regular vamp, just to have someone to go out with and be like the rest of the gang. If you saw them naturally and the way they really are, you might be surprised to find what a good sensible girl or man you have come across.

And, Mike, I think you would change your opinion about names once you came across your girl. I don't think you ever would stop to ask her name or look to see if she looked Irish, but would be glad to call her almost anything. As for me, I think I have had that very experience, and with one of your name, too. But of course it was only a dream one. Nevertheless, it left the impression on me. Who could find a better patron saint than the glorious St. Michael, the warrior, the symbol of strength and justice?

St. Charles, Ill. JUST PAT.

To the Editor:

I am a great reader of *The Queen's Work* and would never lose sight of it. I enjoy reading the Letters on Marriage and wish to add a few lines to the column myself.

I am a St. Louis maiden of nineteen summers, and a good Catholic girl. I belong to many Catholic societies and am full of life and pluck, love to dance, and am a great one for outdoor sports, but I would gladly

give all this up for a home of my own with "six sticky fingers" running about.

I have many bachelor friends, both of wealth and character, but as long as I have known them I have never heard them passing such hideous remarks about married friends and youngsters. In fact, several times a week they go to see their old pals who are so fortunate as to be married, just to hold these little sticky fingers; and they even bring them candy and things so they can spend a wonderful evening watching them.

As to the short skirts and having jazz on the brain, whose fault is it? It is you men who are the cause of it all. You desire it and we strive to please you. You know the men design the things a girl should wear. If you men take away the jazz and bring back the old-time waltz music and the hoop skirt grandmother used to wear, we will wear the clothes and dance and hop around as they used to do if that happens to please you.

About girls working. Mr. Common Sense, there isn't a girl working who doesn't have to. Many of us girls are working to lighten the burden on our fathers' shoulders and to help support younger sisters and brothers. As for girls working for fine clothes and fur coats, do you think that just because we are working girls we ought to dress as beggars? If a girl is a good girl and wishes to have a fur coat and saves for one, would you deprive her of it? Perhaps you are one of the many who are jealous because they are not capable of holding the positions some of us girls hold.

Before I close I want to add that I am not working to buy a fur coat or fine gowns, but to help dear old daddy pay the doctor's bills and expenses for my darling invalid mother.

E. D.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

When I read Common Sense's letter, I could not resist writing a reply.

I think, Common Sense, you had better first of all change your name, and then use your eyes a little more and you will find countless numbers of young ladies who are very sensible (even if they don't wear skirts that touch the ground and do like to dance once in a while), love housework and do not crave for fur coats or fine gowns

Now about girls working. What is a girl going to do if she has no husband to support her (like myself), and if her father has several daughters? Will she depend on father to keep him hustling, or will she try to be a successful business woman and support herself? You say men work with the idea of supporting a family. I know very many who haven't any and don't intend to.

I am a working girl and sensible (at least I think so), but am very willing to give up the office when the young man wants a *good* housekeeper.

C. C.

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor:

My sister in Chicago sent me about ten copies of your magazine which I certainly enjoyed from cover to cover. I am now a subscriber. In your Letters on Marriage I didn't see any of our southern people participating, but I will try to convince Mr. Common Sense that his subject is very broad and has two sides.

Mr. Common Sense, you see only one side of this subject "Girls." I will agree with you that we have quite a few silly girls among our Catholic ones, but the good sensible ones are without number. You must spend most of your time on the streets or in the jazz halls. Naturally you won't find common-sense girls there. You wouldn't find a fish on dry land, would

you? In my own community I can name scores of sensible girls, and I know it must be the same everywhere as we live in somewhat of a Protestant atmosphere.

As to girls in business, I think you are real hard on them. Did you ever stop to think of the number of girls that are supporting widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters? What would the family do if they were shut out of business? The sensible girl in business does not spend all her money on clothes. As for girls working for smaller salaries than men, I will state a fact. I am employed in one of the largest banks in our city, which has about one hundred and forty employees. Quite a few of us girls are making better salaries than most of the boys of our own age and experience, and we have a few years to go before we reach the quarter of a century mark, too. I am sure we don't spend all of it for "fur coats and fine gowns." I never knew as many good cooks as are among our bunch. This is only one of the many facts I could state.

As for the four million men unemployed, I believe lots of them could get something to do. Of course, the work may not be as elevated as they would like, but it would help. It is the case with most men that if they can't get a job doing what they want, they will not take anything. Now please don't blame women for unemployment when business depression is the main cause.

PATRICIA.

Nashville, Tennessee.

To the Editor:

Not until tonight have I recognized how utterly vain, how abjectly futile, words really are; but at times there rises to the surface from the depths of heartfelt suffering thoughts clamoring for utterance,

living, burning, irrepressible; and on this winter evening (a perfect type of those so greatly beloved by the great-hearted Canon Sheehan) I feel a stir and know that somehow by some subtle force I am compelled to talk. Now, dear Editor, I know you must smile as you read these lines; I know you will feel sorry for him who frames this letter. He needs your smile, but can spare you your sympathy—and that not through pride but because he doesn't think you understand.

The writer has not to date seen a case similar to his discussed in your "Letters" and he begs to bring before you and your readers this strange *affair d'amour*. Some time ago I started keeping company with a Catholic girl, bright in intellect, accomplished and cultivated in manners, decently modern and charming in dress, and pretty beyond the ordinary (or is love ever blind?). We were engaged, for I was beginning to see my way clear, when all of a sudden she demanded a release from the promise and refused me any explanation. I called as usual, by special arrangement, a few nights later, and we read Browning's "Last Ride" together and then after a time parted. So far all is normal. Wait. Before very long I started going with another, and now she loves me; she says so, but I know, because it is to be read in all her actions. But I—what can I say for myself? Only this: I have found out I do not and cannot love her—I cannot forget the other and to this minute I think as much of Egypt as I ever did. Not only over Hades is it written "All hope abandon ye who enter here," for I know more rosy and more cheery gates over which the same is inscribed, just as clearly and just as surely. What shall I do? It is easy to give advice, but in this case I would rather do the advising than carry out the plan I know you will propose. Or

wait! Didn't Dante marry despite the fact that his love for Beatrice never waned?

Who the writer is does not matter, but he wishes to say, and not with great pride indeed, that on his mother's side (God guard her!) he can trace direct descent from one of the Olympians of the German so-called Reformation. The sins of the parents—maybe.

And in conclusion, ere the curtain drop and wrap me again in silence, may I beg the reader to murmur the words of the Oratorian for me, "Lead kindly light amid encircling gloom."

EGYPTUS.

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

I have been following all the things that these young persons have been writing about the difficulty they have in meeting the right kind of Catholic young man or the right kind of Catholic young woman, as the case may be. And I think it's just about time that somebody like myself, that has some experience and knows, should give these young people a good piece of her mind. Of course, I don't deny that what they all say has some truth in it, and if the young people had more of a chance to meet one another in Catholic society there would be more Catholic marriages. But there is something else to be said about this subject; and here it is.

Our young people nowadays are too selfish. Now let me explain. I am an old woman now going on seventy. I was married when I was nineteen. Jim—I'm going to call my husband Jim because that's his first name, and our last name I'm not going to give—Jim was just twenty when we were married. We are both good Catholics and always have been. Jim asked

me, and I loved him and I married him—when he was getting just ten dollars a week!

Of course I know that ten dollars then would buy as much as twenty dollars now, or even twenty-five maybe. But even in those days it was nothing like a fortune. Well, we both pitched in and made it do to live on. He worked hard at the shop and kept getting a raise of a few dollars every once and a while; and I worked just as hard at home making both ends meet, and sometimes it took a powerful lot of stretching, too. We just loved each other enough to like to be poor together. Neither of us had been used to it, either, because both our families were well-to-do. But we were independent-like.

"Mary," said Jim one day, about a month before we were married—my name is Mary, too, like that first girl that started this writing about marriage—"Mary," he said, "father wants us to come and live with him, and your father does, too. But I vote to have a little nest of our own right from the start, even if it is a little one. What do you vote?" "Ditto," said I. And we settled it right then and there. And if any two youngsters ever had nicer times together in the finest house on earth than we did in that little frame nest at ten dollars a month rent, I don't believe it. We were as proud as lords and as happy as kings, as I once heard someone say, and even now Jim sometimes reminds me of something nice that happened when we were in that first little nest of ours.

Even if I do say it myself, we weren't the selfish, calculating kind. We trusted each other, and Providence most of all, and we were willing to make sacrifices for each other. And what has been the result? The Lord has certainly blessed our married life. Jim got into such good habits those hard-working days, and so did I, that it just came natural to us after a

while to be good and to save. Little as we had in the beginning, we never lived beyond our income. We couldn't afford any amusements; so we had all our fun right at home. Then the children began to come, and we hardly ever went out at all except now and then to visit the family and friends. But we certainly did have an ideal home. Now that we are real well-off, and have a thousand times more than we did in that first little nest, I'd give a year of my life to go back there and put my apron on again and hear Jim's laugh as he wiped the dishes after supper.

What I am driving at is this—the young people nowadays won't trust one another and make sacrifices for one another. The girls want to get a husband who will be able to keep them in clover right from the beginning. The young men want to wait and wait until they get so well-off that marriage won't mean giving up any of their usual luxuries. To pitch right in as they are and both make sacrifices and work hard doesn't appeal to them for a minute. And that is why they find it so hard sometimes to meet the "right" young Catholic man or woman.

If they only knew it, they miss the best part of their married life if they miss working and making sacrifices for the one they love. I don't believe Jim and I could love each other as well or be as happy together if it weren't for those first days. And often I look at him and laugh because in my mind's eye I just see him again with his apron on, after supper; and sometimes when things get a little dull he suddenly comes up to me and puts his arm around my neck and says, "Come on, Mary, old girl—time to wash the dishes."

Of course, I wouldn't for the world advise any young man or woman to rush into matrimony or to do anything imprudent. But don't be too calculating either. Trust something to Providence and to each

other. Even if he can't support you right away just the way you've been accustomed to be supported it won't be long before he will. And if he isn't worth waiting for and working for and trusting don't marry him on any consideration. But be sure to marry a real man whom you will be happy to work with and save with.

And, as for you, young man, suppose you do have to smoke a pipe instead of cigars and scrimp a little bit in your expenses. If she isn't worth making those little sacrifices for she isn't worth having at all.

AN OLD GRANNY.

To the Editor:

Many girls are spoiled by their mothers. They are taught that the whole world must give way before them and that they must receive all and give nothing. When they marry and find that their husbands do not subscribe to their doctrine and that they are expected to do their part in the matrimonial partnership they rebel against the situation, and then there are tears and reproaches and much quarreling.

The mother who keeps her son from marrying is dooming him to loneliness; she is cutting him off from the companionship which is the greatest joy of life. A mother must surely realize that in the ordinary course of events her son will outlive her, and that the man who marries the woman he loves and is blessed with children is ninety-nine times out of a hundred a happier man, a better man, and a more prosperous man than the one who never marries.

Both men and women can easily enough figure up the cost of matrimony, especially to people in moderate circumstances, and unless they are willing to pay the price they should stay single. Love, the peace of home, the joy that comes of a man and woman working and striving together, the clinging arms of little

children—these are some of the rewards of marriage; but they must be paid for. You cannot have the freedom of the bachelor man and woman and the joys of married life at the same time. As long as a man is single, he has a right to stay out as long as he pleases, but he forfeits these rights at the altar. When he vows to cherish a woman, he undertakes to keep her happy and contented and to bear her company. Cherishing a woman certainly doesn't mean leaving her to spend lonely and anxious evenings. A man also endows his wife with all his worldly goods. He has no longer any right to squander the money that should go for groceries, rent and other necessities. A man commits a grievous wrong against any woman by marrying her until he gets to the place where he wants to settle down and sit by his own fireside. As long as he wants to run around with the boys at night he should stay single.

The same thing exactly may be said of women. Marriage for the average girl means doing without the pretty things she has been used to, and hard work, and unless she is ready to take upon her shoulders these responsibilities she is dishonest and dishonorable to marry. She has no right to marry unless she is willing to make her husband a comfortable and thrifty home.

I must say that it is a pity that so many girls do not realize that they are judged by their clothes, especially by men. Silly clothes make men laugh at their wearers; extravagant clothes scare men off; and immodest clothes disgust men. If girls knew this, perhaps there would be more sane dressing and more wedding bells.

For mine, give me the good, kind and loving girl, the old-fashioned girl type like our dear mothers.

D. P. M.

Newark, N. J.

To the Editor:

I enjoy *The Queen's Work* immensely, especially those Letters on Marriage. In a short time I will send another letter, because no one knows better than I what happiness is derived from a Catholic marriage.

We have been married twelve years, and have six robust children who are a blessing and a source of happiness. The name of Jesus is not a stranger in our home. The songs that are sung are hymns to our Blessed Mother. Though the oldest is only ten years old, I have four going to the parochial school, and it seems that I am living over again my childhood days with the good Sisters when I hear those innocent ones pray and sing the same as I used to do when a child. The eldest will make his first Holy Communion the fifth of June, and his little sister will be a flower girl; and I am so happy that I cannot help crying at the thought of it. It seems but yesterday that I made mine. I thought it was the happiest day of my life; but I believe that the fifth of June, when I will see my first-born approach the altar, will be the happiest. The dear little chap knows his catechism perfectly. With all my work, I find time to make him recite, and when he leaves for mass each morning I know his lesson is prepared.

That is the joy of a Catholic married life. My husband is a good Catholic. Though not gifted with worldly goods, we give and donate as much as we can. The more you give the more you receive.

MRS. L.

St. Paul, Minn.

CHAPTER XIII

WHAT ARE THE "BEEBEES," AND WILL THEY SURVIVE?

To the Editor:

AS SECRETARY of the Brooklyn branch of the Bachelor Brotherhood my attention has been directed to the Letters on Marriage published in your otherwise excellent periodical. I have before me a copy of your June issue and have also within the hour carefully reread the May letters. And I must say at once that I deeply regret your allotting so much valuable space to a discussion of this sort. You cannot but know that while you continue the printing of contributions dealing with this subject most of the signatures will be those of egotistical, bound-to-have-the-last-word ladies. And while it may be true that the only way a gentleman may safely argue with a lady is by mail, what's the use? Whatever a gal says is so. She admits it.

I have no desire to debate with any of the detractors of that noble bunch of bachelors who have individually and chivalrously striven to impress upon doughty damseldom how it may and why it should change its post-bellum tactics. I positively will not be led into writing a second letter on marriage. Let Patricia, Just Pat, E. D., and the other bachelor baiters denounce me as they will. I will not reply.

The Bachelor Brotherhood is a national organiza-

tion of Catholic young men (our ages range from twenty to thirty and average twenty-six) who have solemnly covenanted to avoid the company of the rival sex (save, necessarily, such as are of blood relationship) until 19—. In the next presidential, congressional and state elections, the Brotherhood will sweep the country, gaining control of the Federal and most of the state governments, and in the new year will quickly and forcefully put an end to the follies of feminism. The Nineteenth as well as the undemocratic Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed, a Department of Feminine Deportment will be added to the national government machinery, and fashion and the movies will at last learn what censorship means. So, too, will "pictorial" newspapers and magazines that enrage thoughtful men and somehow maintain a large circulation among "broad-minded" young women.

There will be a new Eighteenth Amendment, but this time it will be dancing (they *call* it dancing) that is prohibited. And in general there will be a speedy return to normalcy forced upon the rebellious sex. Skirts will be long, though hair need not be, and faces will be clean. Men will again occupy all the posts in business and industry, and the national war cry to womanhood will be "Back to the kitchen!"

Then when all its aims have been realized, the Bachelor Brotherhood, which now has a membership of more than ten million, will call its work completed. And I, as a fair enough example, will begin to call of evenings on a nice girl—a girl who cooks and bakes and sews and sings ("The Sunshine of Your Smile," for instance) and always does the supper dishes. That's the kind of girl I'll marry, and she'll marry a nice boy. Oh, believe me, Patricia!

ONE OF THE BEEBEES.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To a Beebee of Brooklyn:

Your letter on Marriage attracted my attention, and I read it several times. Of course I do not expect a reply, as you emphatically stated you would not write again. Neither shall I.

I do not agree with you on some points, for instance, "Back to the Kitchen." What would have become of our business houses if the young girls like the writer had not given up their eight and nine hours a day and offered their services when the young men so valiantly marched off to defend the country? If we had all stayed home to do the housework the wheels of commerce would have had some difficulty in grinding out bare necessities. Another thing, many of us come from a large family of girls, and why ask us to all stay home when the work of a home can be taken care of by at least the mother and one daughter? My father for one is not at all sorry he has daughters who can assist him by working for a living.

By a careful observation you will find that only a minority of girls are of the flapper type. For myself I do not bother about politics; and the Amendments I lose no sleep over. But I do enjoy a dance now and then.

It appears to me that the ten million of you men who belong to the Bachelor Brotherhood would accomplish far better results by starting in now instead of 19— and each pick out a Catholic wife. You would have a good three years' start, and ten million wives would conform with your ideas, and in turn your daughters would have your ideas instilled in their minds. In this way you would win your fight so much the sooner. As it is, you are making the Catholic girls look for non-Catholic husbands when they prefer those of their own faith. How many of you

ten million bachelors will pick out Catholic girls in 19—?

Another thing, if I and others had not been earning a salary I would not have been in position to contribute three dollars to this magazine and support this worthy cause.

Now it will be your fault if you let the girl in this instance have the last word. You may have it in the next issue and I promise I will not reply unless you ask it of me.

A SUNFLOWER.

From the Sunflower State.

To the Editor:

In reading your letters on matrimony I came across one signed "One of the Beebees" to which I would like to make a reply. From what he wrote, he must have an idea that the girls of today will not make the housewives they should be. Well, Beebee, I think you are greatly mistaken, and I don't think it was at all necessary for you and your friends to organize a Bachelors' Club until the time comes that girls know how to cook and have clean faces. For I assure you that if you just look around a little you will be able to find many girls that would qualify to your idea of a good wife. But I will not promise you that you could get one so easy, for she has her ideas, too, as to what a good husband should be like. So since you and your friends have organized a Bachelors' Club which will not allow you to bother with girls until they have come up to your ideas, then I think it would not be a bad idea for us girls to organize an Old Maids' Club until the young men of today come up to our ideas.

Listen, Beebee. What are the majority of young fellows today? Gamblers, drunkards, and out for all the good times they can get; so please change your ideas of girls and don't judge all by some. If you do,

then I think we girls have the same right to judge all fellows alike. You wouldn't wish to be judged wrongly just because some fellows didn't come up to the standard. Would you, Beebee?

MARY.

Scranton, Pa.

To the Editor:

In reference to the letter signed "One of the Beebees," let me congratulate him—first, on his ability as a writer; secondly, on his nerve to write what he did. So, Beebee, you actually believe that a mere handful of narrow-minded men can change women's dress and behavior in such a "presto change" manner? Never! Do you not know that many, many men have already declared that women never were sweeter, more beautiful or more clever than they are today? You'll admit that to yourself, not to the public. A woman dresses to please the one man whom she wishes to impress, only after a very careful and painful meditational study of his particular likes and dislikes.

I am twenty-two years of age. My dancing and dressing have been perfectly censored by observant parents. But do young men hamper me with invitations to go out with them? Of course not. Rather they chase around after the cute little handpainted, underdressed girl who frequents dance halls and other notorious places. A few of these Dapper Dans ask for my company because of my entertaining qualities as a comedian. Also it is worth their while to be seen in the company of a young lady of good character. You know how it is. Needless to say their invitations are refused, but never ignored.

Well, Beebee, here is hoping we meet some day so that I may congratulate you on your effort to reform women after you have converted man to your way of thinking. It is a task, to be sure.

M. M. B.

Brockton, Mass.

To the Editor:

Permit me just enough space in your valuable little magazine to voice my opinion on one of the Letters on Marriage signed by "One of the Beebees." I wonder how many of the ten million members of the Beebees are B. B.'s because they want to be; or isn't it just a fad with some of them because the other fellow happens to be a cynic from choice, and therefore by necessity a bachelor. And it becomes the old, old story, of "follow the crowd," and "do as the Romans do."

There is one remark at least in Beebee's letter that I practically agree with; and that is, the more space which is allotted to correspondence of this sort, the more argumentative letters will be written, most of them coming from those who know little if anything on the subject under discussion. But why confine your ideas of the signatures to the women? Am I mistaken, or wasn't it a bachelor who started all of this hullabaloo? But then I suspect he is by this time enjoying a hearty laugh at the commotion he created. But so far as knowing our subject is concerned, I'm sure I don't from experience, and might add that I never expect to if the Bachelor Brotherhood grows to another ten million.

Beebee is emphatic in his statement that he will "positively not be led into writing a second letter on marriage." I am not making any vows along this line myself, because we don't all know what we are going to do, but it certainly is not my intention willingly to write a second time. Arguing on subjects about which we know nothing other than what we can discern from looking on is, to my notion, akin to nagging, which I despise, and I sincerely trust that I have the good fortune to steer my little marriage craft (if the Beebees happen to dissolve) on other

waters. Then, Beebee, you might possibly have reached the maximum thirty years in the Bachelor Brotherhood, and I venture to remark that one of the first events of your freedom will be to marry one of the "post-bellum damsels" who were indirectly the cause of your beebeeism.

Isn't it strange, readers, that we just cannot satisfy the men? When we inclined toward the "clinging vine" variety of feminism, they did not think us worthy to be considered, and now that we are hard-working "stenogs," helping support, if not entirely doing so, a fatherless family, they think us worse. If the men don't like the flapper, I can't understand why they don't ignore the flapper, and look ahead of her for the real thing, and make a distinction in their remarks. But whoever sees a flapper ignored? She never has a dateless Sunday evening and is seldom without a male escort to dances, shows, etc. There is always some man who wants a date with her, which leads me to believe that the flapper is just the sort of girl the men want, and we who will never be flappers must await their pleasure.

It gives me no little concern to try to analyze how the working girls of today are going to exist after the "forced return to normalcy," including long skirts and short hair (isn't that a comical anticipation?), together with clean faces, is put into effect and men again occupy all the posts of business—all of this, of course, to be accomplished by that organization of Catholic young men called the Bachelor Brotherhood. I wonder how we are supposed to learn all the whys and wherefores of the kitchen, the while we start out for quite a long walk to our daily grind at the office, about seven in the morning, and reach home nearer six in the evening. Probably the 19— reformation will teach us how, providing we are able to secure something to cook.

"Shure, and 'tis a grand work ye'll be afther doin'," chivalrous Beebees, so I guess we had better stop going to an occasional movie or buying an ice-cream soda, and save our pennies for the "dark days of 19—," when we will have neither job nor husband.

These are just a few random thoughts on Beebee's letter, and not meant for an argument on marriage. I don't fight for the last word, Beebee.

ABSIT INVIDIA.

Ironton, O.

To the Editor:

Will you please accept my contribution to the Letters on Marriage? I think the letter signed "One of the Beebees" was the most amusing one I ever read. It puts Irvin Cobb in the shade. But when one looks at the serious side of it, one can't help thinking what a brilliant idea that Brotherhood was. It was also a considerate one, because it leaves the field clear for the average normal Catholic man and protects the girls from a bunch of abnormal mollies.

I am truly sorry for F. O. B. The poor man has been hard hit; in time he will get over it. A word about his brazen, brainless, modern girl. He will be still more furious when I tell him she is the product of the modern man. A Catholic girl wrote to me recently and said: "What are we girls to do? If we do not bob our hair, wear short skirts, rouge and so on, we are 'too slow;' if we attend a dance fully dressed and not minus our corsets we are called iron-sides." I know from personal experience what she says is true. I earn my living by housekeeping, and I love every baby in the world, clean or dirty; but because I refuse to bob my hair, wear short skirts, and be kissed and pawed by every Tom, Dick and Harry, and do not throw myself around in a dance hall like an African savage, I am a lemon. And one

day in place of calling out "Come here, Michael darling, mother wants you," I will probably be heard on the back porch each night calling "Kitty, kitty, kitty." Cheerful prospect for a normal girl to have to give her heart to a cat!

Now this all sounds as if I were a manhater. I know there must be heaps of clean, nice boys in the world, even if I do not meet them; and I know too that the girls are a whole lot to blame for what is lacking so much in men today. Girls can't seem to realize that the best man in the world is very much of an animal and if given one inch of liberty will take a yard, and there are heaps of girls who imagine that when a man begins to paw them it is a tribute to their charms instead of a downright insult. That is the reason why most young men today have not the slightest respect for even the word woman.

M. O'F.

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editor:

I will spare a few of my precious moments to answer Mr. Secretary of the Brooklyn Branch of the Bachelor Brotherhood. He writes like a man of high education, and yet as I read down the line I stopped to wonder if he really imagined his ideas would be carried out. Oh, no, young man! There is one branch of your studies you must have forgotten, namely, that an amendment to our Constitution has never been repealed. Why should the nineteenth?

However nice it would be to go back to the old-fashioned ways of grandmother's time—God bless her!—it will never come. In 19— we will have more women voters than in the past election. We ladies of America can vote in a very sensible way and still not neglect our kitchens. There are times when we love to be in them. For instance, in my home we had

visitors from a distant city who, on their return home, complimented my sister and me on our excellent meals and how beautifully we managed everything, even the grand-kiddies that belong to our family, who number eight at the present time. Of course it is not a pleasure to do this every day. Dad and brother should feel satisfied sometimes—not always—with plain meals, so we may find time to read a few new articles, keep up socially, and even make a pretty gown for ourselves.

There is not one man in a thousand who cares to go out with a girl who looks as though she has no time to dress. As for clean faces, the home girl never finds time and hardly ever money to buy expensive make-up. A little plain talcum will serve for her. One box a year—a very good one—is sufficient for the writer.

Just one more thing I'll add. It came to my notice a few days ago as I was going from one town to another—a typical little flapper with bobbed hair, an abundance of paint on her cheeks, short skirts and imitation of a blouse. Across the aisle of the car was an old-fashioned girl, the sort you see in pictures. Every one of the latter's glances toward the little flapper were full of scorn. But when we reached a certain stop, a little Japanese girl got on the car, and then both of the girls watched her. A few miles out of town the Japanese girl became ill. The old-fashioned girl sat aloof, but the little flapper immediately became interested, moved over to the sick girl, patted her cheek, and then straightened her on the seat, taking her head in her lap. If a vote could have been taken for the most popular girl on the train, the flapper would have taken first, last and all honors.

BETSY.

McSherrystown, Pa.

CHAPTER XIV

THE PERFECT PARTNER

To the Editor:

IN ACCORDANCE with the question submitted in *The Queen's Work:* "What is your ideal of a perfect partner in life," I respectfully submit the following:

First and above all else she should be a Catholic, not only in name but in every action, living up to the teachings of Holy Mother Church in regard to prayers and the receiving of the sacraments and attendance at Holy Mass on Sundays and holy days.

Her moral and physical character should be of the highest. Her moral character is to be such that, no matter what course of action she may take, it will leave no ground for questioning. Her physical character is to be taken into consideration, for if she is of a weak or sickly nature, this would tend to create a spirit of irritation and unrest after marriage and sooner or later cause a rupture in the home. Beauty in a woman, while to be desired, is not to be taken into consideration, for many a plain woman far outshines many of the so-called beauties in character and habits.

She should be willing to assume all the responsibility of her married state in regard to the bringing up of children; never for one moment to have a thought of the now prevalent idea of birth control, which to my mind is only advocated by those who

marry for ease, comfort and pleasure, and not for the purpose for which the sacrament of matrimony was instituted.

She should have a thorough knowledge of her duties in and about the home, know how to cook, sew and mend. Her being equipped with such knowledge will help to reduce many expenses incident to the home.

She should know how to dance, how to dress for different functions that she may attend. In fact, I would place no limitations on her pleasures whatsoever, for without pleasure life becomes dull and drab. I would, of course, request that she attend only such affairs as will not in any way injure her reputation.

On my part I feel that it would be my duty to be exactly her counterpart in every way, and never for an instant to forget that as I had chosen her out of millions as the one I loved and respected to be not only my wife but the mother of my children, she would be entitled to all the protection, respect and pleasure I could tender her within my means to make her life a long and happy one.

H. C. F.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor:

What is my ideal of a perfect partner in life?

First, foremost, and above all qualifications, he must be a Catholic. Not in name alone, but one who belongs to the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name, or some other parish society, and who, true to the ideals of such an organization, is seen regularly at Holy Communion.

He should treasure as his dearest possession that faith which we hold so dear, ever be true to it, and never, never be ashamed to say that he is a Catholic.

Secondly, he should have the ability to make a living, to provide a home, however humble or small its beginning may be. He should cherish that home and those it shelters, looking always forward to their comfort.

He should have a cheery disposition, able to bear the trials and disappointments of life as well as the joys and sunshine which may come his way. There may be times, it is true, when his temper will out, but just as the sun shines brightest after rain, so after a quarrel comes the sweetness and forgiveness, and then it is that those two may understand each other better and pledge their love anew.

He should look upon the girl of his choice as a life-long sweetheart who is ever ready to share the burdens of his daily toil; and just as a child he went to his mother with his bruises and cuts, so he may come to a true wife with the problems confronting him that together they may solve them, and perhaps by a word of advice or a prayer from her mother heart to the Mother of God she may drive away the clouds of gloom and assist him in the path to success.

He should love little children and let not his heart grow old, but rather be one of them himself—a playmate whose familiar form will be eagerly watched for rather than feared by the little ones to whom his very presence reflects jollity itself.

He should have all the traits of a kind and loving father, so that those who call him by that title may see in him a model of that magnificent faith the lessons of which they learn from him.

Is there such a perfect man as he?
It is God that knows—not I.
Oh, I wonder, where can he be!
Perhaps I'll find him by and by.

F. T. Q.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

My ideal is a Christian, upright, honest gentleman, one hundred per cent Catholic, for when he is true to Catholic ideals he is pretty sure to possess the qualities that will stand the test of time and make him an ideal partner.

Whether he be rich or poor matters not so much, if he has ambition, good and plenty, is broad enough in views to see some good in all things, is above petty jealousies, and shuts his eyes to my faults—for I might have a few—and keeps before his mind my good qualities.

In business or occupation he will be not easily downed, but when business hours are done his time is mine, and worries of business that cannot be helped must be left at the workshop or office. He must not expect to upset the entire household because he did not close "the expected deal" or because his rival beat him to it. On the other hand, I must not harass him with my perplexities. If prices at my favorite market are too high, I must study out the question and see how I can best meet it. The household cares and children's needs are my responsibility, and if John provides the necessary funds I must see that they are spent wisely and not extravagantly.

When wedding anniversaries and birthdays occur, they are not forgotten. There is really a good deal to it—"Say it with flowers." It seems a little strange that a young man can be so solicitous for our happiness before marriage and so forgetful of these little attentions afterwards, and is willing to take, or demand, so much attention and give so little in return. It is right and proper for a man to have his club or society of some kind, but it is not fair to give it all his spare time and spend just enough of time at home to eat and sleep and occasionally find fault.

Unhappy marriages can be laid at our own door,

nowhere else. The man in question picked for his wife the prettiest little girl he could find. To him a pretty face was the greatest charm. The little girl confessed she knew nothing of cooking or housework. He assured her that it mattered not. For a time a competent maid kept that little household in order, but the maid was suddenly called away by sickness in her family. Business called the man out of town and he must go on the six o'clock train next morning. His pretty wife was anxious to have his breakfast prepared for him before he went, and rose at five-thirty. The coffee and bacon were started all right, and the little girl sat down beside the stove to watch them, but in a few moments was fast asleep. With but a few minutes until train time, breakfast all burnt up, husband bestowed a hasty kiss, and went out in the bitter cold on his way. But that kiss woke wife to her sense of duty.

Z. M.

Mannington, W. Va.

To the Editor:

If one were to ask a modern girl from fifteen to eighteen years of age who is passing through the so-called romantic period what was her ideal of a perfect partner in life, she would most likely answer, "A man tall and dark"—or, "short and blond," as the young lady's fancy runs—"a good dancer and full of pep."

But as girls blossom into womanhood and ideals creep into their souls, their views on this important question change. They realize the insignificance of physical attractions when compared to the moral worth of a man.

Oh, the innumerable qualities that a perfect partner would have to possess! To us of the Catholic faith it is most important that the partner of our life should believe as we do, that he live up to the

ideals taught him by our divine Master. He must be a true companion, interested in the social, political and moral world. He must be a man among men. He must be a man of honor, loyal to his God, his country and his profession.

He must have in mind the chief aim of the sacrament of matrimony—the propagation of the human race. We find today in this cultured age that large families are not desired, not wanted by the average American family. This is largely due to the inherent selfishness of the American parent, who is getting farther and farther away from the idea of God and His teachings. Soon the American home will be a thing of the past if some great force does not suddenly appear and turn the destiny of the nation from the doom to which it is headed.

The common opinion among people today is that the home management should be left entirely to the mother. A perfect partner in life, to my mind, is the man who is going to take pride and interest in his home and family, making it a center of activities for himself and his little ones. After all it is the home that is the unit in society and not the individual. Therefore it is necessary that the ideal partner endeavor to make the home all it should be.

Courage, both moral and physical, would be required to constitute a perfect partner in life—moral courage to stand behind his convictions in the face of opposition, and physical courage to protect his family and his country.

Another quality which at present seems to be dying out, yet which is essential to the harmony of the nation, is courtesy. Courtesy to women, to business associates, and to every individual who helps to compose the great scheme of human activity is imperative in an ideal man.

Humor and a sense of justice would also be de-

manded of a man in order to term him a perfect partner in life.

Woman is made for love—either love of a partner or the divine love of God if she gives up her worldly life; and every woman forms in mind her ideal partner. The meeting of this ideal partner is not controlled by human agency but by our Heavenly Father.

M. S. McC.

Duluth, Minn.

To the Editor:

Since in God's providence partners in life were not meant to live apart from others on a desert island, my ideal is that of a true husband and father taking his place in the world of affairs. He is tall, medium in build, neat and refined in appearance. His several features register determination modified by justice and friendly dignity. His eyes have an almost boyish light in them.

He is earnest and determined to conquer obstacles. He brings intelligent, persevering energy to his problems. Like Saint Ignatius, he works as if all depended upon him and prays as if all depended upon God. His sincerity and honesty win the confidence and loyal friendship of his fellows. His work is precise, clean-cut and shows finish.

He appreciates the value of recreation and does not spoil the serenity of home by dragging into that haven the small cares of a busy day. In the home many a pleasant evening is spent with his wife, at games, music or other simple amusements. Two evenings each week are kept sacredly for reading and discussion of books. The lighter works of fiction, biography, poetry and essays offer a wide field for one evening's diversion; the other evening is taken up with the study of some serious question of timely interest. In his leisure time his spirit of comradeship is best

displayed. In household discussion, choice of amusements, the selection of a new picture or book, sometimes one gives in and sometimes the other. That is only as it should be.

The little tots are put to bed early evenings, but on Saturday they have their romps and outings with their parents. Although prudent about money, the father and husband encourages his wife in her desire to prepare surprises and feasts for special days. The lover has never vanished because of the disillusionment resultant upon realizing that his wife is not perfect. His love is deeper than that. Like another Joyce Kilmer, he knows only two ecstasies in life, the one is the spiritual joy of frequent Holy Communion and the other springs from his love for his wife.

We see this partner in life earnest in business, a fine home man, and he also is a staunch friend, a true American, interested in civic and national affairs. He takes active part in parish activities, is charitable, and is zealous about good works. He is a splendid if not perfect partner in life because he is a delightful comrade in his hours with his wife, and in those occupations that separate them in fact they are united in interest. She can always be proud of him as a true American and a model Catholic man.

Full of joy and in my ideal constructed of the splendid qualities of several young men of my acquaintance, I am

C. M. H.

St. Joseph, Mo

To the Editor:

The traits that I consider essential in an ideal wife may be conveniently classified as moral, mental and physical in order of their importance. I place moral attributes first because I consider them of primary importance.

Both man and wife should be Catholic. I can conceive of no greater tragedy than a marriage between persons of different religious faith. From the very nature of their training their views of life and its attendant problems must forever remain diametrically opposed. A Catholic man should marry a Catholic girl, not only because the truly Catholic girl is endowed with a superior degree of moral sublimity, but because of the mutual sympathy that naturally exists when man and wife view the problems of life from a common moral standpoint. The Catholic girl regards marriage as the fulfillment of a divine duty. Her training enables her to appreciate the sanctity of motherhood. She regards her home as a sacred place, for in it her children receive their early training, and its influence upon their characters is permanent. Since this is irrefutably true, an atmosphere of harmony, dignity and refinement should pervade its sacred precincts. It is from his home life that man derives his greatest inspiration and incentive for progress. But the success of the home depends largely upon the attitude with which a wife regards it.

With regard to mental characteristics I may safely state that men regard nothing more highly in a girl than a fine congenial personality. A girl of strong character and fine personality is truly beautiful. She may not be beautiful perhaps in a physical sense, but she is beautiful in a deeper sense—the beauty of the soul.

A wife should have a fair education because it gives her a more comprehensive insight into life and its duties. A wife should be healthy and she should know how to preserve her health. A healthy wife takes a more active interest in her home than one who is not healthy.

In conclusion let me state that a man desires a wife who by her virtue and personality merits and will

hold his admiration and esteem—a wife who will inspire him to put forth his greatest effort.

F. X. C.

New York City.

To the Editor:

My ideal of a perfect partner in life is based on certain fundamental requirements. These are explained in the order of their importance.

The first requirement is religion. My ideal partner in life should be of the same religious belief as I, not only in name but in practice. It is not enough that she be a Catholic. There are many so-called Catholics. She should be a Catholic in the sense of the Church, one that enjoys attending mass and the sacraments, not for the sake of observation, but for God, for hope, for consolation.

The second of these requirements is character. The girl of my dreams should possess that quality of womanly attainment that neither classes her with the bobbed-hair, extreme, modern-dashing girl of today nor the prudish, aloof, old-fashioned girl of yesteryear. She should hold womanhood and motherhood above selfishness and personal adornment. She should be conservative and moderate.

The third requirement is education. That girl o' mine should have an education equivalent to two-thirds of mine. At best she should not be better educated. Her education should parallel mine in religion, art, literature, science, and physical culture, and the result of her education and experience should be of such a nature as to harmonize with the result of my education and experience. She should be acquainted with housework, hygienics, and child training.

The fourth requirement is social standing. My ideal is a girl that comes from a family of good standing and character. Financially she should not be

my superior. She should not hold her social standing with an aloofness that despises the lower classes, the workingman, the poor. On the other hand, she should not grudge or berate the rich or society.

The last requirement, and the one that very often jostles the first four requirements as if they were of no importance at all, is physical make-up. In this respect she should not be unattractive or physically deformed. She should not possess beauty to the extent that she knows it and lets everyone else know it, especially the men. She should not be taller than I. Should not be obese. She should know how to dance. She should like athletics and outdoor life. She should know how to be a pal. Sherlock, page the angels!

S. P. T. A.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

The ideal life partner is a person who enters the matrimonial state with a fairly clear understanding of its responsibilities.

One who realizes that matrimony is a sacrament, which carries the blessing of God to those who enter that state in the proper spirit and with the desire to fulfill the obligations of the pledge, "Till death do us part."

One who is generous enough to share equally the good and the bad, the success and the failure, the pleasures and the pain that invariably come to those who join their lives for weal or woe.

One who does not dictate to the life partner, but coöperates in all things wherein their interests are mutual. The ideal life partner is willing to assume at least half of the burdens of the mutual home, to give as well as take, to sympathize, cheer and comfort.

One who realizes that the home is the very founda-

tion of our religion and our country and that he or she represents at least one-half of that home and its responsibilities.

One who on entering the state of matrimony assumes the responsibilities of rearing a family.

One who fully realizes that the "little blessings" sent to that home are to be the future men and women of the country, and that it is his or her duty so to rear those little ones that they may properly fill the positions of trust and responsibility which their country has to offer them.

One who realizes that the proper rearing of those little ones calls for patience, labor, self-sacrifice, and perpetual watchfulness, but most of all good example —proper words, deeds and actions. For what the poem says, "Your child is following you," is quite fully realized by the ideal parent. The ideal life partner realizes this, and desires to set an example whereby his children following in his footsteps will be good citizens and a credit to their country.

One who most of all desires to make the home and family a daily recipient of the blessings promised this household through the sacrament of matrimony and still further strengthened by the sacraments of baptism and confirmation administered to the little lives entrusted to his or her care.

The ideal life partner is one who will consider life well spent if at its close he or she can say, "Here are my treasures, born in the grace of the Holy Catholic Church—and here also are my marriage vows, till death do us part, unbroken and unsullied."

One who will say, "Nothing else counts—life is short, but if it be properly lived the reward will be great."

MARY.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

In order to form a perfect partnership, the partners should try to have the same ideas, be interested in the same things, and work together for the same ends. So my ideal partner should above all be a good, virtuous Catholic who places his religion first, receives the sacraments of penance and communion as often as possible, contributes generously to the support of his church and pastor, takes an interest in parish activities, and is one whom his pastor can recommend.

He should have tastes similar to mine—that is, a love of music and singing, of good literature, who would perhaps read aloud to me in the evening while I am mending or doing fancy work. He should be of the home-loving sort who prefers an evening spent in his own cozy home with his family to any other amusement elsewhere. He loves and is kind to children, especially his own, and helps their mother in raising them good Catholics, ever setting a good example to them. He is a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer, and family prayer in particular. He is firm, but can also be tender; can laugh at a joke even if it is on himself, but knows also when to be serious.

My ideal is kind and truthful in all his dealings with his fellow men. He has a true and lasting love for me, telling me of my failings in a kind way, giving me a chance to remedy them before telling them to others. He keeps nothing from me, confiding in me his hopes and disappointments, letting me help him as much as I can, and will perhaps help me with my work at times, or rock baby to sleep. I want him to have ambition, to work and save in order to own his home, and lay aside something for a rainy day, but not be a miser and make money his god.

As I am a farm lassie, I would prefer him to be a farmer or one who loves the fields and woods, the great outdoors, and thanks God for all the beauty

he sees. His eyes need be no particular color, just so they are clear and guileless. He need not be tall, if he can stand straight and say no to things that are forbidden.

This, then, is my ideal of a perfect partner in life, in whom I would gladly put my trust, bearing my share of the burden cheerfully, knowing that come what may, sickness or health, riches or poverty, nothing could separate us from going forward to a blessed eternity together.

C. M. W

Pinckneyville, Ill.

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